

BARTHOLMEW
FAYRE:
A COMEDIE,
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1614.

By the Lady ELIZABETHS
SERVANTS.

And then dedicated to King IAMES, of
most Blessed Memorie;

By the Author, BENIAMIN JOHNSON.

*Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus: nam
Spectaret populum ludis asserius ipsius,
Ut sibi praeberem, nemo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret ascello
Fabellam surdo.* Hor.lib.2. Epist. I.



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Church-yard. 1614.



THE PROLOGVE TO THE KINGS MAIESTY.



Our Maiesty is welcome to a Fayre;
Such place, such men, such language & such merr,
You must expect: with these, the zealous noyse
Of your lands Faction, scandaliz'd at toyes,
As Babes, Hobby-borses, Puppet-playes,

And such like rage, whereof the petulane mayes
Your selfe haue knowne, and haue bin vexed with long.

These for your sport, without particular wrong,

Or iust complaine of any priuats man,

(Who of himselfe, or shall thinke well or can)

The Maker doth present: and hopes, to night
To give you for a Fayring, true delight.

See London Printed 3 p[re]ce



THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

JOHN LITTLEWIT.	<i>A Proctor.</i>
WIN LITTLEWIT.	<i>His wife.</i>
DAME PURSCRAFT.	<i>Her mother and a widow.</i>
ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BVSY.	<i>Her Suitor, a Banbury man.</i>
WIN-WIFE.	<i>His Rival, a Gentleman.</i>
QVARLOVS.	<i>His companion, a Gamester.</i>
BARTHOLMEW COKES.	<i>An Esquire of Harrow.</i>
HUMPHREY WASPE.	<i>His man.</i>
ADAM OVER-DOO.	<i>A Justice of Peace.</i>
DAME OVERDOG.	<i>His wife.</i>
GRACE WELBORNE.	<i>His Ward.</i>
LANT. LEATHERHEAD.	<i>A Hobbin-horse seller.</i>
IOANE TRASH.	<i>A Ginger-bread woman.</i>
EZECHIEL EDGWORTH.	<i>A Cotpurse.</i>
NIGHTINGALE.	<i>A Ballad-singer.</i>
VRSLA.	<i>A Pigge-woman.</i>
MOON-CALF.	<i>Her Tapster.</i>
IORDAN KNOCK-HVM.	<i>A Horse-courser, and ranger o'</i>
VAL. CUTTING.	<i>A Roarer. (Turnbull.)</i>
CAPTAINE WHIT.	<i>A Bawd.</i>
PVNQVE ALICE.	<i>Mistresse o' the Game.</i>
TROUBLE-ALL.	<i>A Madman.</i>
WHTCHMEN, three.	
COSTARD-monger.	
MOVSETRAP-man.	
CLOTHIER.	
WRESTLER.	
PORTERS.	
DOORE-KEEPERS.	
PUPPETS.	

THE



THE INDUCTION. ON THE STAGE.

STAGE-KEEPER.

 *Entlemen, haue a little patience, they are
e'en vpon comming, instantly. He that
should beginne the Play, Master Littlewit,
the Proctor, has a stich new salme in his
black silk stocking; 'twill be drawn vp ere
you can tell twenty. He playes one o'the Arches, that dwells
about the Hospital, and hee has a very pretty part. But for
the whole Play, will you ha'the truth on't? (I am looking,
lest the Poet heare me, or his man, Master Broome, behind
the Arras) it is like to be a very conceited scuruy one, in
plaine English. When't comes to the Fayre, once: you
were e'en as good goe to Virginia, for any thing there is of
Smith-field. Hee has not hit the humors, he do's not know
hem; hee has not contiers'd with the Barcholomew-birds,
as they say; hee has ne're a Sword, and Buckler man in
his Fayre, nor a little Dauy, to take toll o'the Bawds there,
as in my time, nor a Kind-beart, if any bodies teeth shou'd
chance to ake in his Play. Nor a Jugler with a wel-educa-
ted Ape to come ouer the chaine, for the King of England,
and backe againe for the Prince, and sit still on his arse for
the Pope, and the King of Spaine! None o'these fine sights!
Nor has he the Canuas-cut ithe night, for a Hobby-horse-
man to creepe into his sh- neighbour, and take his leap,
there!*

THE INDUCTION.

there! Nothing! No, and some writer (that I know) had had but the penning o' this matter, hee would ha' made you such a *Iig-ajogge* i'the booothes, you should ha' thought an earthquake had beene i'the *Fayre*! But these Master-Poets, they will ha' their owne absurd courses; they will be inform'd of nothing! Hee has (*irreuerence*) kick'd me three, or four times about the Tyring-house, I thanke him, for but offering to putt in, with my experience. I'le be iudg'd by you, *Gentlemen*, now, but for one conceit of mine! would not a fine Pumpe vpon the Stage ha' done well, for a property now? and a *Punque* set vnder vpon her head, with her Sterne vpward, and ha' beene souisd by my wity young masters o'the *Innes o'Court*? what thinke you o'this for a shew, now? hee will not heare o'this! I am an *Asse*! I stand yet I kept the *Stage* in Master *Tarletons* time, I thanke my starres. Ho! and that man had liu'd to haue play'd in *Berbolmew Fayre*, you should ha' seene him ha' come in, and ha' beene coozened i'the Cloath-quarter, so finely! And *Adams*, the Rogue, ha' leap'd and caper'd vpon him, and ha' dealt his vermine about, as though they had cost him nothing. And then a substantiall watch to ha' stolne in vpon 'hem, and taken 'hem away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is, in the *Stage-practice*.

Booke-bolder: Scriuener. To him.

Booke. How now? what rare discourse are you falne vpon? ha? ha? you found any familiars here, that you are so free? what's the businesse?

Scriuener. Nothing, but the vnderstanding Gentlemen o' the ground here, ask'd my iudgement.

Booke. Your iudgement, Rascall? for what? sweeping the *Stage*? or gathering vp the broken Apples for the beares within? Away Rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these *spectacles* when such a youth as you pretend to a iudgement. And yet hee may, i'the most o'this matter i' faith:

For,

For the *Author* hath writ it iust to his *Meridian*, and the *Scale* of the grounded Judgements here, his Play-fellowes in wit. Gentlemen; not for want of a *Prologue*, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a *Scriuener*, and certaine Articles drawne out in hast betweene our *Author*, and you; which if you please to heare, and as they appeare reasonable, to approue of; the *Play* will follow presently. Read, *Scribe*, gi'me the Counterpaine.

Scr. **ARTICLES** of Agreement, indented, between the *Spectators* or *Hearers*, at the *Hope* on the *Bankeside*, in the County of *Surrey* on the one party; And the *Author* of *Bartolmew Fayre* in the said place, and County on the other party: the one and thirtieth day of *Octob.* 1614, and in the twelft yeere of the Raigne of our Soueragine Lord, **JAMES** by the grace of God King of *England, France, & Ireland*; Defender of the faith. And of *Scotland* the seauen and fortieth.

IN PRIMIS, It is couenanted and agreed, by and betweene the parties abouesaid, and the said *Spectators*, and *Hearers*, aswell the curios and eniuious, as the fauouring and iudicious, as also the grounded Judgements and vnderstandings, doe for themselves severally Covenant, and agree to remaine in the places, their money or friends haue put them in, with patience, for the space of two houres and an halfe, and somewhat more. In which time the *Author* promiseth to present them by vs, with a new sufficient Play called **BARTHOLMEW FAYRE**, merry, and as full of noise, as sport: made to delight all, and to offend none. Provided they haue either, the wit or the honesty to thinke well of themselves.

It is further agreed that every person here, haue his or their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their owne charge, the *Author* hauing now departed with his right: It shall bee lawfull for any man to iudge his six pen'orth his twelue pen'orth, so to his eightene pence, 2. shillings, halfe a crowne, to the value of his place: Provided alwaies his place get not aboue his wit. And if he pay for halfe a dozen

*i.e. couenant, part
of the indentures*

*See prologue
to the play*

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dozen, hee may censure for all them too, so that he will vndertake that they shall bee silent. Hee shall put in for *Censures* here, as they doe for *lots* at the *lottery*: mary if he drop but sixe pence at the doore, and will censure a crownes worth, it is thought there is no conscience, or iustice in that.

It is also agreed, that euery man heere, exercise his owne Iudgement, and not censure by *Contagion*, or vpon *trust*, from anothers voice, or face, that sits by him, be he neuer so first, in the *Commission of Wit*: As also, that hee bee fixt and settled in his censure, that what hee approues, or not approues to day, hee will doe the same to morrow, and if to morrow, the next day, and so the next weeke (if neede be:) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the *Bench* with him, though they indite, and arraigne *Playes* daily. Hee that will sweare, *Ieronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the best playes, yet, shall passe vnexcepted at, heere, as a man whose Iudgement shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these ffe and twentie, or thirtie yeeres. Though it be an *Ignorance*, it is a vertuous and stay'd ignorance; and next to *truth*, a confirm'd errore does well; such a one the *Author* knowes where to finde him.

It is further couenanted, concluded and agreed, that how great soever the expectation bee, no person here, is to expect more then hee knowes, or better ware then a *Fayre* will affoord: neyther to looke backe to the fword and buckler-age of *Smithfield*, but content himselfe with the present. In stead of a little *Davy*, to take toll o'the Bawds, the *Author* doth promise a strutting *Horse-courser*, with a *leere-Drunkard*, two or three to attend him, in as good *Equipage* as you would wish. And then for *Kinde-beart*, the *Tooth-drawer*, a fine oyly *Pig-woman* with her *Tapster*, to bid you welcome, and a consort of *Roarers* for musique. A wise *Justice of Peace* meditant, in stead of a *Jugler*, with an *Ape*. A ciuill *Cuppurse* scarchant. A sweete *Singer* of new *Ballads*

THE IN PECTIOn.

lads alluring : and as fresh an Hypocrite, as euer was broach'd rampant. If there bee never a Servants-mouster i'th' Fayre; who can helpe it? he sayes; nor a nest of Antiques? Hee is loth to make Nature afraid in his Playes, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like Drolleries, to mixe his head with other mens heeles; let the concupisence of Ligges, and Dances, raigne as strong as it will amongst you: yet if the Puppets will please any body, they shall be entreated to come in.

In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the foresaid hearers, and spectators, that they neyther in themselues conceale, nor suffer by them to be concealed any State-deciperer, or politique Picklocke of the Scene, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by the Ginger-bread-woman, who by the Hobby-horse-man, who by the Costard-monger, nay, who by their Wares. Or that will pretend to affirme (on his owne inspired ignorance) what Mirror of Magistrates is meant by the Justice, what great Lady by the Pigge-woman, what com'd States-man, by the Seller of Mouse-trappes, and so of the rest. But that such person, or persons so found, be left discouered to the mercy of the Author, as a forfeiture to the Stage, and your laughter, aforesaid. As also, such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously, play the spoyle, by his place aforesaid, to challenge the Author of scurrilitie, because the language some where fauours of Smithfield, the Booth, and the Pig-broath, or of prophaneness, because a Mad-man cryes, God quit you, or blesse you. In witnessse whereof, as you haue preposterously put to your Seales already (which is your money) you will now adde the other part of suffrage, your hands, The Play shall presently begin. And though the Fayre be not kept in the same Region, that some here, perhaps, would haue it, yet thinke, that therein the Author hath obseru'd a speciall Decorum, the place being as durty as Smithfield, and as stinking everywhit.

How-

THE INDUCTION.

Howeuer, hee prayes you to beleue, his Ware is still
the same, else you will make him iustly suspect that
hee that is so loth to looke on a Baby, or an Hob-
by-borse, heere, would bee glad to take vp
a Commodity of them, if any laugh-
ter, or losse, in ano-
ther place.



BARTHOLMEVV FAYRE.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

LITTLE-VVIT. {To him} VVIN.

Pretty conceit, and worth the finding ! I ha' such lucke to spinne out these fine things still, and like a Silke-worme, out of my selfe. Her's Master Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o'th hill, i'th County of Middlesex, Esquire, takes forth his Licence, to marry Mistresse Grace Wel-borne of the said place and County : and when do's hee take it foorth ? to day ! the fourte and twentieth of August ! Bartholomew day ! Bartholomew vpon Bartholomew ! there's the deuice ! who would haue mark'd such a leap-frogge chance now ? A very leſſe then Ames-ace, on two Dice ! well, goe thy wayes John Little-wit, Proctor John Little-wit : One o' the pretty wits o' Pauls, the Little wit of London (so thou art call'd) and ſome thing beside. When a quirk, or a quiblin do's ſcape thee, and thou doſt not watch, and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Conſtable of conceit : (there now, I ſpeak quib too) let hem carry thoe out o' the Arch-deacons Court, into his Kitchin, and make a lack of thee, in ſtead of a John. (There I am againe la !) Win, Good morrow, Win. I marry Win ! Now you looke finely indeed, Win ! this Cap do's conuince ! you'd not ha' worne it, VVin, nor he' had it velvet, but a rough countrey Beauer, with a copper-band, like the Conney-skinne woman of Budge-row ? Sweete VVin, let me kiffe it t And her fine high ſhoes, like the Spanish Lady ! Good VVin, gō a little I would faiue ſee thee pace, pretty VVin ! By this fine Cap, I could neuer leauē kiffing on't.

WIN. Come, indeedela, you are such a foole, still!

LITT. No, but halfe a one, *Win*, you are the tother halfe: man and wife make one foole, *Win*. (Good!) Is there the Proctor, or Doctor indeed, i' the *Diocesse*, that euer had the fortune to win him such a *Win*! (There I am againe!) I doe feele conceits comming vpon mee, more then I am able to turne tongue too. A poxe o these pretenders, to wit! your *Three Cranes*, *Miter*, and *Mermaid* men! Not a corne of true salt, nor a graine of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places or so, againe the next *Wit fall*, and pay two pence in a quart more for their *Canary*, then other men. But gi' mee the man, can start vp a *Justice of Wit* out of six-shillings beare, and give the law to all the *Poets*, and *Poet-suckers* i' Towne, because they are the *Players Gossips*? 'Slid, other men haue wiues as fine as the *Players*, and as well drest. Come hither, *Win*.

ACT. I. SCENE. II.

VVIN-WIFE. LITTLEVVIT. WIN.

VVHy, how now Master *Little-wit*! measuring of lips? or molding of kisses? which is it?

LITT. Troth I am a little taken with my *Wins* dressing here! Do'st not fine Master *Win-wife*? How doe you apprehend, Sir? Shee would not ha' worne this habit. I challenge all *Cheapside*, to shew such another: *Morefields*, *Pimlico* path, or the *Exchange*, in a sommer evening, with a *Lace* to boot as this has. Deare *Win*, let Master *Win-wife* kisse you. Hee comes a wooing to our mother *Win*, and may be our father perhaps, *Win*. There's no harme in him, *Win*.

WIN-W. None i'the earth, Master *Little-wit*.

LITT. I enuy no man, my delicates, Sir.

WIN-W. Alas, you ha' the garden where they grow still! A wife beere with a *Strawberry*-breath, *Chery-lips*, *Apricot-cheekes*, and a soft *Veluet* head, like a *Melicotton*.

LITT. Good y'faith! now dulnesse vpon mee, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't, as well as he! *Veluet* head!

WIN-W. But my taste, Master *Little-wit*, tends to fruit of a later kinde: the sober *Matron*, your wiues mother.

LITT. I / wee know you are a *Suitor*, Sir. *Win*, and I both, wish you well: by this *Licenc* here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it, as here are a couple. *Win* would faine haue a fine young father i' law, with a fether: that her mother might

might hood it, and chaine it, with Mistris *Ouer-doo*. But, you doe not take the right course, Master *Win-wif*e.

WIN-W. No? Master *Little-wit*, why?

LIT. You are not madde enough.

WIN-W. How? Is madnesse a right course?

LIT. I say nothing, but I winke vpon *Win*. You have a friend, one (Master *Quarlaus*) comes here sometimes?

WIN-W. Why? he makes no loue to her, do's he?

LIT. Not a tokenworth that euer I saw, I assure you, But—

WIN-W. What?

LIT. He is the more Mad-cap o'the two. You doe not apprehend mee.

WIN. You haue a hot coale i' your mouth, now, you cannot hold.

LIT. Let mee out with it, deare *Win*.

WIN. I'll tell him my selfe.

LIT. Doe, and take all the thanks, and much do good thy pretty heart, *Win*.

WIN. Sir, my mother has had her nativity-water cast lately by the Cunning men in *Cow Lane*, and they ha' told her her fortune, and doe ensure her, shée shall never haue happy houre; vnlesse shée marry within this sea'night, and when it is, it must be a Madde-man, they say.

LIT. I, but it must be a Gentle-man Mad-mán.

WIN. Yes, so the tother man of *More-fields* sayes:

WIN-W. But do's shée beleue 'hem?

LIT. Yes, and ha's beene at *Bedlem* twice since, euery day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there, mad!

WIN-W. Why, this is a confederacy, a meere piece of practice vpon her, by these *Impostors*?

LIT. I tell her so; or else say I, that they meane some young Madcap-Gentleman (for the divell can equiuocate, as well as a Shop-keeper) and therefore would I aduise you, to be a little madder, then Master *Quarlaus*, hereafter.

WIN. Where is shée? stirring yet?

LIT. Stirring! Yes, and stulying an old Elder, come from *Banbury*, a Suitor that puts in heere at meale-ryde, to praise the painefull brethren, or pray that the sweet singers may be restor'd; Sayes a grace as long as his breath lasts him! Some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or *Win*, are faine to fetch it againe with *Malmesey*, or *Aqua caelestis*.

WIN. Yes indeed, we haue such a tedious life with him for his dyer, and his clothes too, he breaks his buttons, and cracks seamés at euery saying he sobs out.

IoH. He cannot abide my Vocation, he sayes.

WIN. No, he told my mother, a *Proctor* was a claw of the *Beast*,

and that she had little lesse then committed abomination in marrying me so as she ha's done.

IOH. Euery line (he sayes) that a *Proctor* writes, when it comes to be read in the Bishops Court, is a long blacke hayre, kemb'd out of the tayle of *Anti-Christ*.

WIN-W. When came this *Prosclyte*?

IOH. Some three dayes since.

ACT. I. SCENE. II.

QVARLOVS, IOHN, WIN, WIN-VVIFE.

OSIR, ha' you tane soyle, here? it's well, a man may reach you, after 3. houres running, yet! what an vnmercifull companion art thou, to quit thy lodging, at such vngentle manly houres? None but a scatterd couey of Fidlers, or one of these Rag-rakers in dung-hills, or some Marrow-bone man at most, would haue beeue vp, when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray thee what aylest thou, thou canst not sleepe? hast thou Thornes i'thy eye-lids, or Thistles i'thy bed.

WIN-W. I cannot te'l: It seemes you had neither i' your feet; that tooke this paine to finde me.

QVAR. No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o'the City should haue drawne after you, by the sent rather, Mr *John Little mit*! God saue you, Sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of vs, lait night, *John*: shal we pluck a hayre o'the same Wolfe, to day, *Proctor John*?

IOH. Doe you remember Master *Quarlos*, what wee discourst on, last night?

QVAR. Not I, *John*: nothing that I eyther discourse or doe, at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulness.

IOH. No? not concerning *Win*, looke you: there shew is, and drest as I told you she shoulde be: harke you Sir, had you forgot?

QVAR. By this head, I'le beware how I keepe you company, *John*, when I drunke, and you haue this dangerous memory! that's certaine.

IOH. Why Sir?

QVAR. Why? we were all a little stain'd last night, sprinckled with a cup or two, and I agreed with *Proctor John* heere, to come and doe somewhat with *Win* (I know not what 'twas) to day; and he puts mee in minde on't, now; hee sayes hee was comming to fetch me: before *Truth*, if you haue that fearefull quality, *John*, to remember, when you are sober, *John*, what y'u promise drunke, *John*; I shall take heed of you, *John*. For this once, I am content to winke

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winke at you, where's your wife? come hither *Win*. (*He kiseth her.*)

WIN. Why, *John*! doe you see this, *John*? looke you! helpe me, *John*.

JOH. O *Win*, fie, what do you meane, *Win*! Be womanly, *Win*; make an outcry to your mother, *Win*? Master *Quarlous* is an honest Gentleman, and our worshipfull good friend, *Win*: and he is Master *Win*'s friends, too: And Master *Win*'s wife comes a Suitor to your mother *Win*; as I told you before, *Win*, and may perhyps, be our Father, *Win*, they'll do you no harme, *Win*, they are both our worshipfull good friends. Master *Quarlous*! you must know Mr. *Quarlous*, *Win*; you must not quarrell with Master *Quarlous*, *Win*.

QVAR. No, wee'll kisse againe and fall in.

JOH. Yes, doe good *Win*.

WIN. Y'faith you are a foole, *John*.

JOH. A *Foole-John* she calls me, doe you marke that, Gentlemen? pretty littlewit of velvet! a *foole-John*!

QVAR. She may call you an *Apple-John*, if you vse this.

WIN-W. Pray thee forbeare, for my respe& somewhat.

QVAR. Hoy-day! how respetive you are become o'the sudden! I feare this family will turne you reformed too, pray you come about againe. Because she is in possibility to be your daughter in law, and may aske you blessing hereafter, when she courts it to *Tottenham* to eat creame. Well, I will forbeare, Sir, but i'faith, would thou wouldst leaue thy exercise of widdow-hunting once! this drawing after an old reuerend *Smocke* by the splay-foote: There cannot be an ancient *Tripe* or *Trillibub* i'the Towne, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thy selfe to, when thou ha'st got one; scrubbing a piece of *Buffe*, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of *Pannier-alley* to stinke in; or perhaps, worse, currying a carkasse, that thou ha'st bound thy selfe to aliue. I'll besworne, some of them, (that thou art, or ha'st beene a Suitor to) are so old, as no chaste or marryed pleasure can euer become 'hem: the honest Instrument of procreation, has (forty yeeres since) left to belong to 'hem, thou must visit 'hem, as thou wouldst doe a *Tombe*, with a *Torch*, or three hand-fulls of *Lincke*, flaming hot, and so thou maist hap to make 'hem feele thee, and after, come to inherit according to thy inches. A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still raking himselfe a fortune in an old womans embers; we shall ha' thee after thou ha'st beene but a moneth marryed to one of 'hem, looke like the *quartane ague*, and the black *Iaundise* met in a face, and walke as if thou had'st borrow'd legges of a *Spinner*, and voyce of a *Cricket*. I would endure to heare fifteene Sermons a weeke for her, and such course, and lowd one's, as some of 'hem must be; I would een desire of Fate, I might dwell in a drumme, and take in my sustenance, with an old broken *Tobacco-pipe* and a *Straw*. Dost thou euer thinke to

bring thine eares or stomack, to the patience of a drie *grace*, as long as thy Tablecloth? and droan'd out by thy sonne, here, (that might be thy father;) till all the meat o' thy board has forgot, it was that day i' the Kitchin? Or to brooke the noise made, in a question of *Predicition*, by the good labourers and painefull eaters, assembled together, put to 'hem by the Matron, your Spouse; who moderates with a cup of wine, euer and anone, and a Sentence out of *Knoxe* between? or the perpetuall spitting, before, and after a sober drawne *exhortation* of six houres, whose better part was the *kum-ba-hum*? Or to heare prayers groan'd out, ouer thy iron-chests, as if they were *charmes* to break 'hem? And all this for the hope of two *Apostle*-spoones, to suffer! and a cup to eate a cawdle in! For that will be thy legacy. She'll ha' conuey'd her state, safe enough from thee, an' she be a right widdow.

WIN. Alasle, I am quite off that sent now.

QVAR. How so?

WINW. Put off by a *Brother* of *Banbury*, one, that, they say, is come heere, and gouernes all, already.

QVAR. What doe you call him? I knew diuers of those *Banburyans* when I was in *Oxford*.

WIN-W. Master *Little-wit* can tell vs.

IOH. Sir! good *Vvin*, goe in, and if Master *Bartholmew Cokes*-his man come for the Licence: (the little old fellow) let him speake with me; what say you, Gentlemen?

WIN-W. What call you the Reuerend *Elder*? you told me of; your *Banbury*-man.

IOH. *Rabbibusy*, Sir, he is more then an *Elder*, he is a *Prophet*, Sir.

QVAR. O, I know him! a *Baker*, is he not?

IOH. Hee was a *Baker*, Sir, but hee do's dreame now, and see visions, hee has giuen ouer his Trade.

QVAR. I remember that too: out of a scruple hee tooke, that (in spic'd conscience) those *Cakes* hee made, were seru'd to *Bridales*, *May-poles*, *Morrisses*, and such prophane feasts and meetings; his Christen-name is *Zeale-of-the-land*.

IOH. Yes, Sir, *Zeale-of-the-land Busye*.

WIN-W. How, what a name's there!

IOH. O, they haue all such names, Sir; he was *Witnesse*, for *Win*, here, (they will not be call'd *God-fathers*) and na'n'd her *Vvinne-the-fight*, you thought her name had beene *Vvinnifred*, did you not?

WIN-W. I did indeed.

IOH. Hee would ha' thought himselfe a starke Reprobate, if it had.

QVAR. I, for there was a Blew-starch-woman o' the name, at the same time. An notable hypocriticall vermine it is; I know him. One that stands vpon his face, more then his faith, at all times;

Euer

Euer in seditious motion, and reproving for vaine-glory: of a most *lunatique* conscience, and splene, and affects the violence of *Singularity* in all he do's: (He has vndone a Grocer here, in New-gate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeale as he, that's by the way: by his profession, hee will euer be i' the state of Innocence, though; and child-hood; despises all *Antiquity*; defies any other *Learning*, then *Inspiration*; and what discretion soever, yeeres should afford him, it is all preuented in his *Originall ignorance*; ha' not to doe with him: for hee is a fellow of a most arrogant, and inuincible dulnesse, I assure you; who is this?

ACT. I. SCENE. III.

WASPE. IOWN. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

By your leaue, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you: and god you good morrow, M^r Little-wit, my businesse is to you. Is this Licence ready?

Ioh. Heere, I ha' it for you, in my hand, Master *Humphrey*.

Was. That's well, nay, neuer open, or read it to me, it's labour in vaine, you know. I am no *Clarke*, I scorne to be sau'd by my booke, i' faith I'll hang first; fold it vp o' your word and gi' it mee; what must you ha' for't?

Ioh. We'll talke of that anon, Master *Humphrey*.

Was. Now, or not at all, good M^r *Proctor*, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

Ioh. Sweet *Vvin*, bid *Salomon* send mee the little blacke boxe within, in my study.

Was. I, quickly, good Mistresse, I pray you: for I haue both egges o'the Spit, and yron i'the fire, say, what you must haue, good M^r Little-wit.

Ioh. Why, you know the price, M^r *Numps*.

Was. I know? I know nothing. I, what tell you mee of knowing? (now I am in haft) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorne to know, and yet, (now I think on't) I will, and do know, as well as another; you must haue a *Marke* for your thing here, and eight pence for the boxe; I could ha' sau'd two pence i'that, an' I had bought it my selfe, but heere's *fourteene shillings* for you. Good Lord! how long your little wife staies! pray God, *Salomon*, your Clerke, be not looking i'the wrong boxe, M^r *Proctor*.

Ioh. Good i'faith! no, I warrant you, *Salomon* is wiser then so, Sir.

WAS.

WAS. Fie, fie, fie, by your leaue Master Little-wit, this is scuruy, idle, foolish and abominable, withall my heart; I doe not like it.

WIN-W. Doe you heare? Jacke Little-wit, what businesse do's thy pretty head thinke, this fellow may haue, that he keepes such a coyle with?

QVAR. More then buying of ginger-bread i' the Cloyster, here, (for that wee allow him) or a guilt pouch i' the Fayre?

IOH. Master Quarlaus, doe not mistake him: he is his Masters both-hands, I assure you.

QVAR. What? to pull on his boots, a mornings, or his stockings, do's hee?

IOH. Sir, if you haue a minde to mocke him, mocke him softly, and locke to'ther way: for if hee apprehend you flout him, once, he will flie at you presently. A terrible testie old fellow, and his name is Waspē too.

QVAR. Pretty Inseit! make much on him.

WAS. A plague o' this boxe, and the poxe too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should ha' sought it, sent it, or brought it! doe you see, Sir?

IOH. Nay, good M^r Waspē.

WAS. Good Master Hornet, turd i' your teeth, hold you your tongue; doe not I know you? your father was a Pothecary, and sold glisters, more then hee gaue, I wusse: and turd i' your little wiues teeth too (heere she come.) 'twill make her spit as fine as she is, for all her velvet-casterd on her head, Sir.

IOH. O! be ciuill Master Numpes.

WAS. Why, say I haue a humour not to be ciuill; how then? who shall compell me? you?

IOH. Here is the boxe, now.

WAS. Why a pox o' your boxe, once againe: let your little wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would haue you to understand, and these Gentlemon too, if they please—

WIN-W. With all our hearts. Sir.

WAS. That I haue a charge. Gentlemen.

IOH. They doe apprehend, Sir.

WAS. Pardon me, Sir, neither they nor you, can apprehend mee, yet. (you are an Asse) I haue a young Master, hee is now vpon his making and marring; the whole care of his well doing, is now mine. His foolish scholemasters haue done nothing, but runne vp and downe the Countrey with him, to beg puddings, and cake-bread, of his tennants, and almost spoyled him, he has learn'd nothing, but to sing catches, and repeat rattle bludder rattle, and O, Madge. I dare not let him walke alone, for feare of learning of vile tunes, which hee will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! if hee meete but a Carman i' the streete, and I finde him not talke to keepe him off on him, hee will whistle him, and all his tunes over, at night in his sleepe! he has a head full

of

of Bees ! I am faine now (for this little time I am absent) to leaue him in charge with a Gentlewoman ; 'Tis true, shee is *A Justice of Peace* his wife, and a Gentlewoman o'the hood, and his naturall sister : But what may happen, vnder a womans gouernment, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you doe not know him : hee is another manner of peece then you think for ! but nineteen yeere old, and yet hee is taller then either of you, by the head, God blesse him.

QVAR. Well, mee thinkes, this is a fine fellow !

WIN-W. He has made his Master a finer by this description, I should thinke.

QVAR. 'Faith, much about one, it's *crosse* and *pile*, whether for a new farthing.

WAS. I'll tell you Gentlemen---

IOH. Will't please you drinke, Master *VVaspe* ?

WAS. Why, I ha' not talk't so long to be drie, Sir, you see no dust or cobwebs come out o'my mouth: doe you ? you'd ha' me gone, would you ?

IOH. No, but you were in hast e'en now, Mr *Numpes*.

WAS. What an' I were ? so I am still, and yet I will stay too ; meddle you with your match, your *win*, there, she has as little wit, as her husband it seemes : I haue others to talke to.

IOH. She's my match indeede, and as little wit as I, Good !

WAS. We ha' bin but a day and a halfe in towne, Gentlemen, 'tis true, and yester day i'the asternoone, we walk'd *London*, to shew the City to the Gentlewoman, he shall marry, Mistresse *Grace*; but, afore I will endure such another halfe day, with him, I'll be drawne with a góod Gib-cat, through the great pond at home, as his uncle *Hodge* was ! why, we could not meet that heathen thing, all day, but stayd him : he would name you all the *Signes* ouer, as hee went, aloud : and where hee spi'd a *Parrot*, or a *Monkey*, therē hee was pitch'd, with all the littl-long-coats about him, male and female ; no getting him away ! I thought he would ha' runne madde o'the blacke boy in *Bucklers-bury*, that takes the scury, roguy tobacco, there.

IOH. You say true, Master *Numpes* : there's such a one indeed.

WAS. It's no matter, whether there be, or no, what's that to you ?

QVAR. He will not allow of *John's* reading at any hand,

ACT. I. SCENE. V.

COKE S. MISTRIS OVER-DOO. WASPE. GRACE.

QUARLOV S. WIN-WIFE. JOHN. WIN.

O Numpes ! are you here Numpes ? looke where I am, Numpes ! and Mistris Grace, too ! nay, doe not looke angerly, Numpes : my Sister is heere, and all, I doe not come without her.

WAS. What, the mischiefe, doe you come with her ? or shee with you ?

COKE. We came all to seeke you, Numpes.

WAS. To seeke mee ? why, did you all thinke I was lost ? or runne away with your foureteene shillings worth of small ware, here ? or that I had chang'd it i'the Fayre, for hobby-horses ? S'preitious—to seeke me !

OVER. Nay, good M^r Numpes, doe you shew discretion ; though he bee exorbitant, (as M^r Ouer-doo saies,) and't be but for conseruation of the peace.

WAS. Mary gip, goody she-Justice, Mistris French-hood ! turd i'your teeth ; and turd i'your French-hoods teeth, too, to doe you seruice, doe you see ? must you quote your *Adam* to me ! you thinke, you are Madam Regent still, Mistris Ouer-doo ; when I am in place ? no such matter, I assure you, your *raigne* is out, when I am in, *Dame*.

OVER. I am content to be in *abeyance*, Sir, and be gouern'd by you ; so should hee too, if he did well ; but 'twill be expected, you should also gouerne your passions.

WAS. Will't so forsooth ? good Lord ! how sharpe you are ! with being at *Bet'lem* yesterday ? *Vvhctston* has set an edge vpon you, has hee ?

OVER. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your dignity : I doe, yet, to mine.

WAS. Very well, then.

COKE. Is this the Licence, Numpes ? for Loues sake, let me see't, I neuer saw a Licence.

WAS. Did you not so ? why, you shall not see't, then.

COKE. An' you loue mee, good Numpes.

WAS. Sir, I loue you, and yet I do not loue you, i'these foole-ries, set your heart at rest ; there's nothing in't, but hard words : and what would you see't for ?

COKE. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all ; and I will see't now, so I will.

WAS. You sha' not see it, heere.

COKE. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll looke vpo' the case heere.

WAS. Why, doe so, a man must glie way to him a little in trifles :

trifles: Gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth: which he will mend, when he comes to judgement, and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceiue so, and I thanke you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thanke you againe.

QVAR. Well, this *dry nurse*, I say still, is a delicate man.

WIN-W. And I am, for the *Cosset*, his charge! Did you euer see a fellowes face more accuse him for an *Asse*?

QVAR. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pitty tis yonder wench should marry such a *Cokes*?

WIN-W. 'Tis true.

QVAR. Shee seemes to be discrete, and as sober as shee is handiome.

WIN-W. I, and if you marke her, what a restrain'd scorne she casts vpon all his behauour, and speeches?

COKE. Well, *Numpes*, I am now for another piece of busynesse more, the *Fayre*, *Numpes*, and then—

WAS. Bleffe me! deliver me, helpe, hold mee! the *Fayre*!

COKE. Nay, neuer fidge vp and downe, *Numpes*, and vexe it selfe. I am resolute *Bartholmew*, in this; It's make no suite on't to you; 'twas all the end of my journey, indeed, to shew Mistris Grace my *Fayre*: I call't my *Fayre*, because of *Bartholmew*: you know my name is *Bartholmew*, and *Bartholmew Fayre*.

JOHN. That was mine afore, Gentlemen: this morning, I had that i' faith, vpon his Lidence, beleeue me, there he comes, after me.

QVAR. Come, *John*, this ambitious *wit* of yours, (I am afraid) will doe you no good i' the end.

JOHN. No? why Sir?

QVAR. You grow so insolent with it, and ouerdoing, *John*: that if you looke not to it, and tie it vp, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leaue you.

WIN-W. Doe not trust it too much, *John*, be more sparing, and vse it, but now and then; a *wit* is a dangerous thing, in this age; doe not ouer buy it.

JOHN. Thinke you so, Gentlemen? I'll take heed on't, hereafter.

WIN. Yes, doe *John*.

COKE. A pretty little soule, this same Mistris *Little-wit*! would I might marry her.

GRA. So would I, or any body else, so I might scape you,

COKE. *Numpes*, I will see it, *Numpes*, 'tis decreed: neuer be melancholy for the matter.

WAS. Why, see it, Sir, see it, doe see it! who hinders you? why doe you not goe see it? 'Slid see it.

COKE. The *Fayre*, *Numpes*, the *Fayre*.

WAS. Would the *Fayre* and all the Drums, and Rattles in't, were i' your belly for mee: they are already i' your braine: he that had the meanes to trauell you head, now, should meet finer sights then any are i' the *Fayre*; and make a finer voyage on't, to see in

all hung with cockle-shels, pebbles, fine wheat-strawes, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cob-web.

QVAR. Goodfaith, hee lookes, me thinkes an' you marke him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his Sir *Cranion*-legs.

WIN-W. And his *Numpes*, to flap 'hem away.

WAS. God, bew'you, Sir, there's your *Bee* in a box, and much good doo't, you.

COK. Why, your friend, and *Bartholmew*; an' you be so contumacious.

QVAR. What meane you, *Numpes*?

WAS. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

OVER. You will not let him goe, *Brother*, and loose him?

COK. Who can hold that will away? I had rather loose him then the *Fayre*, I wusse.

WAS. You doe not know the inconuenience, Gentlemen, you perswade to: nor what trouble I haue with him in these humours. If he goe to the *Fayre*, he will buy of euery thing, to a Baby there; and household-stuffe for that too. If a legge or an arme on him did not grow on, hee would lose it i' the presse. Pray heauen I bring him off with one stome! And then he is such a Rauener after fruite! you will not beleue what a coyle I had, t'other day, to compound a businesse betwene a *Katerne-peare-woman*, and him, about snatching! 'tis intolerable, Gentlemen.

WIN-W. O! but you must not leaue him, now, to these hazards, *Numpes*.

WAS. Nay, hee knowes too well, I will not leaue him, and that makes him presume: well, Sir, will you goe now? if you haue such an itch i' your feete, to foote it to the *Fayre*, why doe you stop; am I your Tarriars? goe, will you goe? Sir, why doe you not goe?

COK. O *Nump*! haue I brought you about? come Mistresse *Grace*, and Sister, I am resolute *Batt*, i' faith, still.

GRA. Truely, I haue no such fancy to the *Fayre*; nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

COK. O Lord, Sir! you shall pardon me, Mistris *Grace*, we are inow of our selues to make it a fashion: and for qualities, let *Nump* alone, he'l finde qualities.

QVAR. What a Rogue in apprehension is this! to vnderstand her language no better.

WIN-W. I, and offer to marry to her? well, I will leaue the chase of my widdow, for to day, and directly to the *Fayre*. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender vs excellent creeping sport.

QVAR. A man that has but a spoone full of braine, would think so. Farewell, *John*.

JOH. *Win*, you see, 'tis in fashion, to goe to the *Fayre*, *Win*: we must to the *Fayre* too, you, and I, *Win*. I haue an affaire i' the *Fayre*, *Win*, a Puppet-play of mine owne making, say nothing, that I writ for

for the *motion* man, which you must see, *Win*.

WIN. I would I might *John*, but my mother will never consent to such a *prophane motion*; she will call it.

JOH. Tut, we'll haue a deuice, a dainty one; (Now, *Wit*, helpe at a pinch, good *Wit* come, come, good *Wit*, and't be thy will.) I haue it, *Win*, I haue it i'faith, and 'tis a fine one. *Win*, long to eate of a Pigge, sweet *Win*, i'the *Fayre*; doe you see? i'the heart o'the *Fayre*; not at *Pye-Corner*. Your mother will doe any thing, *Win*, to satisfie your longing, you know, pray thee long, presently, and be sicke o'the sudden, good *Win*. I'll goe in and tell her, cut thy lace i'the meane time, and play the *Hypocrite*, sweet *Win*.

WIN. No, I'll not make me v'ready for it. I can be *Hypocrite* enough, though I were never so straight lac'd.

JOH. You say true, you haue bin bred i'the family, and brought vp to't. Our mother is a most elect *Hypocrite*, and has maintain'd us all this seuen yeere with it, like Gentle-folkes.

WIN. I, Let her alone, *John*, she is not a wise wilfull widdow for nothing, nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o'the mother in me, you shall see, fetch her, fetch her, ah, ah.

ACT. I. SCENE. VI.

PVR CRAFT. WIN. JOHN. BUSY.
SALOMON.

Now, the blaze of the beauteous discipline, fright away this cuill from our house! how now *Win-the-fight*, Child: how do you? Sweet child, speake to me.

WIN. Yes, forsooth.

PVR. Looke vp, sweet *Win-the-fight*, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this doore, remember that your education has bin with the purst, what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the vncleane beast, Pigge, to you, Child?

WIN. (Vh, vh.)

JOH. Not I, o' my sincirity, mother: she long'd aboue thre hours, ere she would let me know it; who was it *Win*?

WIN. A prophane blacke thing with a beard, *John*.

PVR. O! resist it, *Win-the-fight*, it is the Tempter, the wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of Pig, be strong against it, and it's foule temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were, on the weaker side, and pray against it's carnall provocations, good child, sweet child, pray.

IoH. Good mother, I pray you ; that she may eate some Pigge, and her belly full, too ; and doe not you cast away your owne child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the Tempter : how doe you, *Win*? Are you not sicke ?

Win. Yes, a great deale, *John*, (vh,vh.)

Pvr. What shall we doe ? call our zealous brother *Busy* hither, for his faithfull fortification in this charge of the aduersary ; child, my deare childe, you shall eate Pigge, be comforted, my sweet child.

Win. I, but i'the *Fayre*, mother.

Pvr. I meane i'the *Fayre*, if it can be any way made, or found lawfull ; where is our brother *Busy*? Will hee not come ? looke vp, child.

IoH. Presently, mother, as soone as he has cleans'd his beard. I found him, fast by the teeth, i'the cold Turkey-pyc, i'the cupbord, with a great white loafe on his left hand, and a glasse of *Malmesey* on his right.

Pvr. Slander not the *Brethren*, wicked one.

IoH. Here hee is, now, purified, Mother.

Pvr. O brother *Busy* ! your helpe heere to edifie, and raise vs vp in a scruple ; my daughter *Win-the-fight* is visited with a naturall disease of women ; call'd, A longing to eate Pigge.

IoH. I Sir, a *Bartholomew-pigge* : and in the *Fayre*.

Pvr. And I would be satisfied from you, Religiously-wise, whether a widdow of the sanctified assembly, or a widdowes daughter, may commit the act, without offence to the weaker sisters.

Bvs. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnall disease, or appetite, incident to women : and as it is carnall, and incident, it is naturall, very naturall : Now Pigge, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing, and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten ; it may be eaten, very exceeding well eaten : but in the *Fayre*, and as a *Bartholomew-pig*, it cannot be eaten, for the very calling it a *Bartholomew-pigge*, and to eat it so, is a spice of *Idolatry*, and you make the *Fayre*, no better then one of the high *Places*. This I take it, is the state of the question. A high place.

IoH. I, but in state of necessity : *Place* should give place, Mr *Busy*, (I haue a conceit left, yet.)

Pvr. Good Brother, *Zeale-of-the-land*, thinke to make it as lawfull as you can.

IoH. Yes Sir, and as soone as you can : for it must be Sir ; you see the danger my little wife is in, Sir.

Pvr. Truly, I doe loue my child dearely, and I would not haue her miscarry, or hazard her first fruities, if it might be otherwise.

Bvs. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subiect, to constru-
ction, subiect, and hath a face of offence, with the weake, a great
face

face, a foule face, but that face may haue a vaile put ouer it, and be shaddowed, as it were, it may be eaten, and in the *Fayre*, I take it, in a Booth, the tents of the wicked : the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in midst of the prophane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with *sobriety*, and humblenesse ; not gorg'd in with gluttony, or greedinesse ; there's the feare : for, should she goe there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the vncleane dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or the lust of the palat, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

IoH. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't, but courage, *Win*, we'll be humble enough ; we'll seeke out the homeliest Booth i' the *Fayre*, that's certaine, rather then faile, wee'll eate it o' the ground.

PVR. I, and I'll goe with you my selfe, *Win-the-fight*, and my brother, *Zeale-of-the-land*, shall goe with vs too, for our better consolation.

WIN. Vh, vh.

IoH. I, and *Salomon* too, *Win*, (the more the merrier) *Win*, we'll leaue *Rabby Busy* in a Booth. *Salomon*, my cloake.

SAL. Here, Sir.

Bvs. In the way of comfort to the weake, I will goe, and eat. I will eate exceedingly, and prophesie ; there may be a good use made of it, too, now I thinke on't : by the publike eating of Swines flesh, to professe our hate, and loathing of *Iudaisme*, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eate, yea, I will eate exceedingly.

IoH. Good, i' faith, I will eate heartily too, because I will be no *Jew*, I could never away with that stiffnecked generation : and truely, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for Pigges, i' the mothers belly.

Bvs. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

ACT.



Act. II. SCENE. I.

IVSTICE OVR DOO.



Ell, in Justice name, and the Kings; and for the common-wealth, desie all the world, *Adam Ouerdoo*, for a disguise, and all *story*; for thou hast firted thy selfe, I sweare; faine would I meet the *Linceus* now, that Eagles eye, that peircing *Epidaurian* serpent (as my *Quint. Horace cal's* him) that could discouer a Justice of Peace, (and lately of the *Quorum*) vnder this couering. They may haue seene many a foole in the habite of a Justice; but never till now, a Justice in the habit of a foole. Thus must we doe, though, that wake for the publike good: and thus hath the wise Magistrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Neuer shall I enough commend a worthy worshipfull man, sometime a capitall member of this City, for his high wisdome, in this point, who would take you, now the habit of a Porter; now of a Carman; now of the Dog-killer, in this moneth of *August*; and in the winter, of a Seller of tinder-boxes; and what would hee doe in all these shapes? mary goe you into euery Alchouse, and down into euery Celler; measure the length of puddings, take the gage of blacke pots, and cannes, I, and custards with a sticke; and their circumference, with a thrid; weigh the loaues of bread on his middle-finger; then would he send for hem, home; giue the puddings to the poore, the bread to the hungry, the custards to his children; breake the pots, and burne the cannes, himselfe; hee would not trust his corrupt officers; he would do't himselfe. If all men in authority would follow this worthy president! For (alas) as we are publike persons, what doe we know? nay, what can wee know? wee heare with other mens eares; wee see with other mens eyes? a foolish Constable, or a sleepy Watchman,

man, is all our information, he slanders a Gentleman by the vertue of his place, (as he calls it) and wee by the vice of ours, must belieue him. As a while agone, they made mee, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursiuant, for a Seminary: and a proper yong Batcheler of Musicke, for a Bawd. This wee are subiect to, that liue in high place, all our intelligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers, knaues: and by your leaue, our selues, thought little better, if not errant fooles, for beleeuing 'hem. I *Adam Onerdog*, am resolu'd therefore, to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine owne discoveries. Many are the yeerely enormities of of this *Fayre*, in whose courts of *Pye-pouldres* I haue had the honour during the three dayes sometimes to sit as Judge. But this is the speciall day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my blacke booke, for the purpose; this the cloud that hides me: vnder this couert I shall see, and not be seene. On *Iunius Brutus*. And as I began, so I'll end: in Justice name, and the Kings; and for the *Common-wealth*,

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

LEATHERHEAD. TRASH. JUSTICE. VRS'L A.
MOONE-CALFE. NIGHTINGALE.

Coftermonger. Passengers.

THE Fayre's pestilence dead, mee shinkes; people come not a-broad, to day, what euer the matter is. Doe you heare, Sister *Trash*, Lady o'the Basket? sit farther with your ginger-bread-progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i'the *Fayre*, what stiffe they are made on.

TRA. Why, what stiffe are they made on, Brother *Leatherhead*? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

LEA. Yes, stale bread, rotten egges, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

Ivs. I! haue I met with enormity, so soone?

LEA. I shall matre your market, old *lone*.

TRA. Marre my market, thou too-proud Pedler? do thy worst; I desie thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st mee for all thou art parcell-poet, and an Inginer. I'll finde a friend shall right mee, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattell all ouer. Are you puff'd up with the pride of your wares? your *Arfedine*?

LEA. Go to, old *lone*, I'll talke with you anone; and take you

downe too, afore Iustice Ouerdoo, he is the man must charme you, Ile ha' you i'the Piepouldres.

TRA. Charme me? I'll meet thee face to face, afore his wor-ship, when thou dar'st: and though I be a little crooked o'my bo-dy, I'll be found as upright in my dealing, as any woman in Smith-field, I, charme me?

VRS. I am glad, to heare, my name is their terror, yet, this is doing of Iustice.

LEA. What doe you lacke? what is't you buy? what do you lacke? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horses, Babies o'the best? Fid-dles o'th finest?

[Enter Coft.]

COS. Buy any peares, peares, fine, very fine peares.

TRA. Buy any ginger-bread, guilt ginger-bread!

NIG. Hey, now the Fayre's a filling!

O, for a Tune to startle

The Birds o'the Booths here billing;

Teerely with old Saint Barthle!

The Drunkards they are wading,

The Punques, and Chapmen trading;

Who'd see the Fayre without his lading? Buy any ballads;

new ballads?

VRS. Eye vpon't: who would weare out their youth, and prime thus, in roasting of pigges, that had any cooler vocation? Hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine vault, o'my conscience! what Moon-calfe.

MOO. Heere, Mistresse!

NIG. How now Vr's? in a heate, in a heat?

VRS. My chayre, you false faucet you; and my mornings draught, quickly, a bottle of Ale, to quench mee, Rascall. I am all fire, and fat, Nightingale, I shall e'en melt away to the first woman, a ribbe againe, I am afraid. I doe water the ground in knots, as I goe, like a great Garden-pot, you may follow me by the S.S. I make.

NIG. Alas, good Vr's; was Zekiel heere this morning?

VRS. Zekiel? what Zekiel?

NIG. Zekiel Edgeworth, the ciuill cut-purse, you know him well enough; hee that talkes bawdy to you still: I call him my Secretary.

VRS. He promis'd to be heere this morning, I remember.

NIG. Whea he comes, bid him stay: I'll be backe againe pre-sently.

VRS. Best take your mornings dew in your belly, Nightingale, come, Sir, set it heere, did not I bid you should get this chayre let out o'the sides, for me, that my hips might play? you'll never thinke of any thing, till your dame be rumpgall'd; 'tis well, Changeling: because it can take in your Grasse-hoppers thighes, you care for no more. Now, you looke as you had been i' the cor-

Moon-calfe
brings in the
Chaire.

ner o'the Booth, fleing your breech, with a candles end, and set fire o'the *Fayre*. Fill, *State*': fill,

I v s. This Pig-woman doe I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity, shee hath beeene before mee, *Punke, Pinnace* and *Bawd*, any time these two and twenty yeeres, vpon record i'the *Pie-poudres*.

Vrs. Fill againe, you vnlucky vermine.

Mo. 'Pray you be not angry, Mistresse, I'll ha' it widen'd anone.

Vrs. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the *Fayre* be done, you thinke, now you ha' heated me? A poore vex'd thing I am, I feele my selfe dropping already, as fast as I can: two stome a sewet aday is my proportion: I can but hold life & soule together, with this (heere's to you, *Nightingale*) and a whiffe of tobacco, at most. Where's my pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant *Incubee*.

Nig. Nay, *Vrs*, thou lt gall betweene the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now.

Vrs. How can I hope, that euer he'll discharge his place of trust, *Tapster*, a man of reckoning vnder me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but looke too't, sirrah, you were best, three pence a pipe full, I will ha' made, of all my whole haife pound of tobacco, and a quarter of a pound of *Coltsfoot*, mixt with it too, to itch it out. I that haue dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoak, now. Then 6. and 20. shillings a barrell I will aduance o'my Beere; and fifty shillings a hundred o'my bottle-ale, I ha' told you the waies how to raise it. Froth your cannes well i'the filling, at length *Rogue*, and iogge your bottles o'the buttocke, Sirrah, then skinke out the first glasse, euer, and drinke with all companies, though you be sure to be drunke; you'll mis-reckon the better, and be lesse ashamed on't. But your true tricke, *Rascall*, must be, to be euer busie, and mis-take away the bottles and cannes, in hast, before they be halse drunke off, and never heare any body call, (if they should chance to marke you) till you ha' brought fresh, and be able to forswearc 'hem. Giue me a drinke of Ale.

I v s. This is the very *wombe*, and *bedde* of enormitie! grosse, as her selfe! this must all downe for enormity, all, euery whit on't.

Vrs. Looke, who's there, Sirrah? fve shillings a Pigge is my price, at least; if it be a sow-pig, six pence more: if she be a great bellied wife, and long for't, six pence more for that.

I v s. *O Tempora! O mores!* I would not ha' lost my discouery of this one grievance, for my place, and worship o'the *Bench*, how is the poore subiect abus'd, here! well, I will fall in with her, and with her *Moone-calf*, and winne out wonders of enormity. By thy leaue, goodly woman, and the fatnesse of the *Fayre*: oyly as the Kings constables Lampe, and shining as his Shooing-horne! hath thy Ale vertue, or thy Beere strength? that the tongue of man may be tickled? and his palat pleas'd in the morning? let

thy pretty Nephew here, goe search and see.

VRS. What new Roarer is this?

Moo. O Lord! doe you not know him, Mistris, 'tis mad *Arthur of Bradley*, that makes the Orations. Brauc Master, old *Arthur of Bradley*, how doe you? welcome to the *Fayre*, when shall wee heare you againe, to handle your matters? with your backe againe a Booth, ha? I ha' bin one o' your little disciples, i' my dayes!

Ivs. Let me drinke, boy, with my loue, thy Aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foul on the *Fayre*.

VRS. Why dost thou not fetch him drinke? and offer him to sit?

Moo. Is't Ale, or Beere? Master *Arthur*?

Ivs. Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best; the same thy Doue drinketh, and thou drawest on holy daies.

VRS. Bring him a sixe penny bottle of Ale; they say, a fooles handsell is lucky.

Ivs. Bring both, child. Ale for *Arthur*, and Beere for *Bradley*. Ale for thine Aunt, boy. My disguise takes to the very wish, and reach of it. I shall by the benefit of this, discouer enough, and more: and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be. A certaine midling thing, betweene a foole and a madman;

ACT. II. SCENE. III.

KNOCKHVM. { to them.

VVhat! my little leane *Vrs*! my shee-Beare! art thou aline yet? with thy litter of pigges, to grunt out another *Bartholmew Fayre*? ha!

VRS. Yes, and to amble afoote, when the *Fayre* is done, to heare you groane out of a cart, vp the heauy hill.

KNO. Of Holbourne, *Vrs*, meanst thou so? for what? for what, pretty *Vrs*?

VRS. For cutting halfe-penny purses: or stealing little penny dogges, out o' the *Fayre*.

KNO. O! good words, good words *Vrs*.

Ivs. Another speciall enormitie. A cutpurse of the sword! the boote, and the feather! those are his marks.

VRS. You are one of those horsleaches, that gaue out I was dead, in Turne-bull streete, of a surfeit of botle ale, and tripes?

KNO. No, 'twas better meat *Vrs*: cowes vdders, cowes vdders!

VRS.

VRS. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day.

KNO. What? thou'l poysone mee with a neuſt in a bottolle of Ale, will't thou? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe, Vrs? Come, there's no malice in theſe fat folkes, I never feare thee, and I can ſcape thy leane *Moonecalfe* heere. Let's drinke it out, good Vrs, and no vapours!

Ivs. Dost thou heare, boy? (there's for thy Ale, and the remnant for thee) ſpeake in thy faith of a faycet, now; is this goodly perſon before vs here, this vapours, a knight of the knife?

Moo. What meane you by that, Master *Arthur*?

Ivs. I meane a child of the horne-thumb, a babe of booty, boy; a cutpurſe.

Moo. O Lord, Sir! far from it. This is Master *Dan. Knock-bum: Jordane* the Ranger of Turnebull. He is a horſe-courſer, Sir.

Ivs. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cutpurſe.

Moo. Like enough, Sir, ſhee'll doe forty ſuch things in an houre (an you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her i' the greaſie kerchiefe: it makes her fat you ſee. Shee battens with it.

Ivs. Here might I ha' beene deceiu'd, now: and ha' put a fooleſ blot vpon my ſelfe, if I had not play'd an after game o' diſcre-
tion.

KNO. Alas poore Vrs, this's an ill ſeafon for thee.

VRS. Hang your ſelfe, Hacney-man.

KNO. How? how? Vrs, vapours! motion breedeth vapours?

VRS. Vapours? Neuer tuske, nor twirle your dibble, good Jordane, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be Captaine o' the Roarers, and fight well at the cafe of pif-pots, you ſhall not fright me with your Lyon-chap, Sir, nor your tuskes, you angry? you are hungry: come, a pigs head will ſtop your mouth, and ſtay your ſtomacke, at all times.

KNO. Thou art ſuch another mad merry Vrs ſtill! Troth I doe make conſcience of vexing thee, now i' the dog-daiies, this hot weather, for feare of ſoundring thee i' the bodie; and melting down a Piller of the Fayre. Pray thee take thy chayre againe, and keepe ſtate; and let's haue a fresh bottolle of Ale, and a pipe of tabacco; and no vapours. I'le ha' this belly o' thine taken vp, and thy graſſe ſcour'd, wench; looke! heere's *Ezechiel Edgworth*; a fine boy of his inches, as any is i' the Fayre! has ſtill money in his purſe, and will pay all, with a kind heart; and good vapours.

Vrs ſtares
in againe
dropping.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCENE. III.

*To them EDGVVORTH. NIGHTINGALE.
Corne-cutter. Tinder-box-man. Passengers.*

THAT I will, indeede, willingly, Master Knockbum, fetch some Ale, and Tabacco.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen ? Maid : see a fine hobby horse for your young Master : cost you but a token a weeke his prouander.

COR. Ha' you any cornes 'i your feete, and toes ?

TIN. Buy a Mouse-trap, a Mouse-trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

TRA. Buy some Ginger-bread.

NIG. Ballads, Ballads ! fine new ballads :

Heare for your loue, and buy for your money.

A delicate ballad o' the Ferret and the Coney.

A preservative again' the Punques euill.

Another of Goose-greene-starch, and the Deuill.

A dozen of divine points, and the Godly garters.

The Fairing of good councell, of an ell and three quarters. What is't you buy ?

The Wind-mill blowne downe by the witches fart !

Or Saint George, that o ! did breake the Dragons heart !

EDG. Master Nightingale, come hither, leaue your mart a little.

NIG. O my Secretary ! what sayes my Secretarie ?

Ivs. Childe o'the bottles, what's he ? what he ?

Moo. A ciuill young Gentleman, Master Arthur, that keepes company with the Roarers, and disburses all, still. He has euer money in his purse ; He payes for them ; and they roare for him : one do's good offices for another. They call him the Secretary, but he serues no body. A great friend of the Ballad-mans they are neuer asunder.

Ivs. What pitty 'tis, so ciuill a young man should haunt this debaucht company ? here's the bane of the youth of our time apparant. A proper penman, I see't in his countenance, he has a good Clerks looke with him, and I warrant him a quicke hand.

Moo. A very quicke hand, Sir.

EDG. All the purses, and purchase, I giue you to day by conueyance

ueyance, bring hither to *Yrsla*'s presently. Heere we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Looke you choose good places, for your standing i'the *Fayre*, when you sing, *Nightingale*.

VRS. I, neere the fullest paflages; and shift hem often.

EDG. And i' your singing, you must vse your hawkseye nimblly, and flye the purse to a marke, still, where 'tis worne, and o'which side; that you may gi' me the signe with your beake, or hang your head that way i'the tune.

VRS. Enough, talke no more on't: your friendship (Masters) is not now to beginne. Drinke your draught of Indenture, your sup of Couenant, and away, the *Fayre* fils apace, company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a Pigge ready, yet.

KNO. Well said! fill the cups, and light the tabacco: let's giue fire i'th' works, and noble vapours.

EDG. And shall we ha' smockes *Yrsla*, and good whimsies, ha?

VRS. Come, you are i' your bawdy vaine! the best the *Fayre* will afford, *Zekiel*, if Bawd *Whit* keepe his word; how doe the Pigges, *Moone-calf*?

MOO. Very passionate, Mistresse, one on'hem has wept out an eye. Master *Arthur O'Bradle*; is melancholy, heere, no body talkes to him. Will you any tabacco Master *Arthur*?

Ivs. No, boy, let my meditations alone.

MOO. He's studying for an Oration, now.

Ivs. If I can, with this daies trauell, and all my policy, but rescue this youth, here, out of the hands of the lewd man, and the strange woman. I will sit downe at night, and say with my friend *Ouid*, *Iamq; opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis, &c.*

KNO. Here *Zekiel*; here's a health to *Yrsla*, and a kind vapour, thou hast money i'thy purse still; and store! how dost thou come by it? Pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour.

EDG. Halfe I haue, Master *Dan. Knockhum*, is alwaies at your seruice,

Ivs. Ha, sweete nature! what Goshawke would prey vpon such a Lambe?

KNO. Let's see, what 'tis, *Zekiel*! count it, come, fill him to pledge mee.

This they
whisper, that
Ouerdoo
heares it not.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCENE. V.

VVIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS. { to them.

VVEc are heere before 'hem, methinkes.

QVAR. All the better, we shall see 'hem come in now.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen, what is't you lacke ? a fine Horse ? a Lyon ? a Bull ? a Beare ? a Dog, or a Cat ? an excellent fine *Bartholmew*-bird ? or an Instrument ? what is't you lacke ?QVAR. S'lid ! heere's *Orpheus* among the beasts, with his Fiddle, and all !

TR.A. Will you buy any comfortable bread, Gentlemen ?

QVAR. And *Ceres* selling her daughters picture, in Gingerworke !

WIN. That these people should be so ignorant to thinke vs chapmen for 'hem ! doe wee looke as if wee would buy Gingerbread ? or Hobby-horses ?

QVAR. Why, they know no better ware then they haue, nor better customers then come. And our very being here makes vs fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would *Cokes* would come ! there were a true customer for 'hem.KNO. How much is't ? thirty shillings ? who's yonder ! Ned *Winnife* ? and Tom *Quarlow*, I thinke ! yes, (gi' me it all) (gi' me it all) Master *Winnife* ! Master *Quarlow* ! will you take a pipe of tabacco with vs ? do not discredit me now, Zekiel.

WIN. Doe not see him ! he is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee let's auoyd him : turne downe this way.

QVAR. S'lud, I'le see him, and roar with him, too, and hee roar'd as loud as *Neptune*, pray thee goe with me.

WIN. You may draw me to as likely an inconuenience, when you please, as this.

QVAR. Goe to then, come along, we ha' nothing to doe, man, but to see sights, now.

KNO. Welcome Master *Quarlow*, and Master *Winnife* ! will you take any froth, and smoake with vs ?

QVAR. Yes, Sir, but you'l pardon vs, if we knew not of so much familiarity betweene vs afore.

KNO. As what, Sir ?

QVAR. To be so lightly invited to smoake, and froth.

KNO. A good vapour ! will you sit downe, Sir ? this is old

Vrflas

Vrs's mansion, how like you her bower? heere you may ha' your
Punque, and your Pigge in state, Sir, both piping hot.

QVAR. I had rather ha' my Punque, cold, Sir.

IVS. There's for me, Punque! and Pigge!

VRS. What Moonecalfe? you Rogue.

Moo. By and by, the bottle is almost off Mistresse, here Ma-
ster Arthur.

VRS. I'le part you, and your play-fellow there, i'the garded
coat, an' you funder not the sooner.

KNO. Master *Win.wife*, you are proud (me thinkes) you doe not
talke, nor drinke, are you proud?

WIN. Not of the company I am in, Sir, nor the place, I assure
you.

KNO. You doe not except at the company! doe you? are you
in vapours, Sir?

Moo. Nay, good Master *Dan: Knockham*, respect my Mistris
Bower, as you call it; for the honour of our Booth, none o'your
vapours, heere.

VRS. Why, you thinne leane Polcat you, and they haue a
minde to be i'their vapours, must you hinder hem? what did you
know Vermine, if they would ha' lost a cloake, or such a trifle?
must you be drawing the ayre of pacification heere? while I am
tormented within, i'the fire, you Weasell?

Moo. Good Mistresse, twas in the behalfe of your Booth's cre-
dit, that I spoke.

VRS. Why? would my Booth ha' broake, if they had sal'ne
out in't? Sir? or would their heate ha' fir'd it? in, you Rogue, and
wipe the pigges, and mend the fire, that they fall not, or I'le both
baste and toast you, till your eyes drop out, like 'em. (Leave the
bottle behinde you, and be curst a while.)

QVAR. Body o' the Fayre! what's this? mother o' the Bawds?

KNO. No, she's mother o' the Pigs, Sir, mother o' the Pigs!

WIN. Mother o' the *Furies*, I thioke, by her firebrand.

QVAR. Nay, shee is too fat to be a *Fury*, sure, some walking
Sow of fallow!

WIN. An inspir'd vessell of Kitchin-sluffe!

QVAR. She'll make excellent geere for the Coach-makers, here
in Smithfield, to anoynt wheeles and axell trees with.

VRS. I, I, Gamesters, mocke a plaine plump soft wench o'
the Suburbs, doe, because she's juicy and wholesome: you must
ha' your thinne pinch'd ware, pent vp i'the compasse of a dogge-
collar, (or 'twill not do) that lookes like a long lac'd Conger, set vp-
right, and a greene feather, like fennell i'the loll on't.

KNO. Well said Vrs, my good Vrs; to 'hem Vrs.

QVAR. Is thine your quagnite, *Dan: Knockham*? is this your
Bogge?

NIG. We shall haue a quarrel presently.

E

KNO.

*She calls
with her.*

*She comes
out with a
fire-brand.*

*She drinks
this while.*

KNO. How? Bog? Quagmire? foule vapours! hum'rh!

QVAR. Yes, hee that would venture for't, I assure him, might sinke into her, and be drown'd a weeke, ere any friend hee had, could find where he were.

WIN. And then he would be a fort'night weighing vp againe.

QVAR. 'Twere like falling into a whole *Shire* of butter: they had need be a teeme of *Dutchmen*, should draw him out.

KNO. Answer 'hem, Vrs, where's thy *Bartholmew-wit*, now? Vrs, thy *Bartholmew-wit*?

VRS. Hang 'hem, rotten, rogtiy *Cheaters*, I hope to see 'hem plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with leane play-house poultry, that has the boany rumpe, sticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the point of a Partizan, that every rib of 'hem is like the tooth of a Saw: and will so grate 'hem with their hips, & shoulders, as take 'hem altogether) they were as good lyce with a hurdle.

QVAR. Out vpon her, how she drips! She's able to giue a man the sweating Sickness, with looking on her.

VRS. Mary looke off, with a patch o' your face; and a dozen i'your breech, though they be o'scarlet, Sir. I ha' seene as fine outsides, as either o' yours, bring lowfie linings to the Brokers, ere now, twice a weeke!

QVAR. Doe you thinke there may be a fine new Cuckingstoole i' the *Fayre*, to be purchas'd? one large inough, I meane. I know there is a pond of capacity, for her.

VRS. For your mother, you Rascall, out you Rogue, you hedge bird, you Pimpe, you pathier-mans bastard, you.

QVAR. Ha, ha, ha.

VRS. Doe you sneere, you dogs-head, you *Trendlestaile*! you looke as you were begotten a top of a Cart in haruest-time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snutte after your brothers bitch, M^r *Commodity*, that's the Liubry you weare, 'twill be out at the elbows, shortly. It's time you went to't, for the to'ther remenant.

KNO. Peace, Vrs, peace, Vrs, they'll kill the poore *Whale*, and make oyle of her. Pray thee goe in.

VRS. I'le see 'hem pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

WIN. Let's away, her language growes greasier then her Pigs.

VRS. Dos't so, snorty nose? good Lord! are you snueling? you were engendred on a she-begger, in a barnie, when the bald Thrasher, your Sife, was scarce warme.

WIN. Pray thee, let's goe.

QVAR. No, faith: I'le stay the end of her, now; I know shee cannot last long; I finde by her *smiles*, shee waness a pace.

VRS. Do's thee so? I'le set you gone. Gi' mee my *Pig-pan* higher a little. I'le scald you hence, and you will not goe.

KNO. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours! and very idle vapours! I assure you.

QVAR. You are a very serious asse, wee assure you.

KNO.

KNO. Humh ! Asse? and serious ? nay, then pardon mee my vapour. I haue a foolish vapour, Gentlemen : any man that doe's vapour me, the Asse, Master *Quarlos*—

QVAR. What then, Master *Jordan*?

KNO. I doe vapour him the lye.

QVAR. Faith, and to any man that vapours mee the lie, I doe vapour that.

KNO. Nay, then, vapours vpon vapours.

EDG. NIG. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan, shee comes with the pan, Gentlemen. God blesse the woman.

VRS. Oh.

ERA. What's the matter?

IVS. Goodly woman !

MOO. Mistresse !

VRS. Curse of hell, that euer I saw these Feinds, oh ! I ha' scallded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg. I ha' lost a limb in the seruice ! run for some creame and sallad oyle, quickly. Are you vnder-peering, you Baboun ? rip off my hose, an' you be men, men, men.

MOO. Runne you for some creame, good mother *lope*. I le looke to your basket.

LEA. Best sit vp i' your chaire, *Vrsla*. Help, Gentlemen.

KNO. Be of good cheere, *Vrs*, thou hast hindred me the currying of a couple of Stallions, here, that abus'd the good race-Band o' Smithfield ; 'twas time for 'hem to goe.

NIG. I saith, when the panne came, they had made you rubbe else. (this had beeene a fine time for purchase, if you had ventur'd.)

EDG. Not a whit, these fellowes were too fine to carry mo-ney.

KNO. *Nightingale*, get some helpe to carry her legge out o' the ayre ; take off her shooes ; body o' me, she has the Mallanders, the scratches, the crowne scabbe, and the quitter bone, & the other legge.

VRS. Oh ! the poxe, why doe you put me in minde o' my leg, thus, to make it prick, and shoot ? would you ha' me i' the Hospitall, afore my time ?

KNO. Patience, *Vrs*, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister, as big as a Windgall ; I le take it away with the white of an egg, a little honey, and hog's grease, ha' thy pasternes well rol'd, and thou shal'nt pase againe by to morrow. I le tend thy Booth, and tooke to thy affaires, the while : thou shal' sit i' thy chaire, and giue directions, and shane *Vrs a maior*. *she shal le clype*

Vrsla comes in, with the scalding-pan.

They fight.
Shee falls with it.

ACT. II. SCENE. VI.

IVSTICE.EDGEWORTH.NIGHTINGALE. COKES. WASPE. MISTRIS OVERDOO. GRACE.

These are the fruities of bottle-ale, and tabacco ! the fume of the one, and the fumes of the other ! Stay young man, and despise not the wisedome of these few hayres, that are growne gray in care of thee.

EDG. *Nightingale*, stay a little. Indeede I'le heare some o' this !

COK. Come, *Numps*, come, where are you ? welcome into the *Fayre*, Mistris *Grace*.

EDG. Slight, hee will call company, you shall see, and put vs into doings presently.

IVS. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, Ale: for, who knowes, when hee openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle ? hath not a Snaile, a Spider, yea, a Neust bin found there ? thirst not after it, youth : thirst not after it.

COK. This is a braue fellow, *Numps*, let's heare him.
WAS. S'blood, how braue is he ? in a garded coate ? you were best trucke with him, c'enfrip, and trucke presently, it will become you, why will you heare him, because he is an *Affe*, and may be a kipane to the *Cokeses* ?

COK. O, good *Numps* !

IVS. Neither doe thou lust after that tawney weede, tabacco.

COK. Braue word !

IVS. Whose complexion is like the Indians that vents it !

COK. Are they not braue words, Sister ?

IVS. And who can tell, if before the gathering, and making vp thereof, the *Maggarts* hath not piss'd thereon ?

WAS. Heart, let hem be braue words, as braue as they will, and they were all the braue words in a Countrey, how then ? will you away yet, ha' you enough on him ? Mistris *Grace*, come you away, I pray you, be not you accedary. If you doe lose your Licence, or somewhat else, Sir, with listning to his fables: say, *Numps*, is a witch, with all my heart, doe, say so.

COK. Avoyd i' your sattin doublet, *Numps*.

IVS. The creeping venome of which subtill serpent, as some

late writers affirm; neither the cutting of the perrillous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting, or burning, can any way perisway or, aswage.

COK. Good, i' faith! is't not Sister?

Ivs. Hence it is, that the lungs of the Tabacconist are rotted, the Liver spotted, the braine smoak'd like the backside of the Pig-womans Booth, here, and the whole body within, blacke, as her Pan, you saw e'en now, without.

COK. A fine similitude, that, Sir! did you see the panne?

EDG. Yes, Sir.

Ivs. Nay, the hole in the nose heere, of some tobacco-takers, or the third nostrill, (if I may so call it) which makes, that they can vent the tobacco out, like the Ace of clubs, or rather the Flower-de-luce, is caused from the tobacco, the meere tobacco! when the poore innocent pox, hauing nothing to doe there, is miserably, and most vnaconscionably slander'd.

COK. Who would ha' mist this, Sister?

OVER. Not any body, but *Numps*.

COK. He do's not vnderstand.

EDG. Nor you feele.

COK. What would you haue, Sister, of a fellow that knowes nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old Fox in't? the best musique i'the *Fayre*, will not move a logge.

EDG. In, to *Yrsla, Nightingale*, and carry her comfort: see it told. This fellow was sent to vs by fortune, for our first fairing.

Ivs. But what speake I of the diseases of the body, children of the *Fayre*?

COK. That's to vs, Sister. Braue i' faith!

Ivs. Harke, O, you sonnes and daughters of Smithfield! and heare whatmallady it doth the minde: It causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffing, and snarling, and now and then a hurt.

OVE. He hath something of Master *Overdegg*, mee thinkes, brother.

COK. So mee thought, Sister, very much of my brother *Overdegg*: And 'tis, when he speaks.

Ivs. Looke into any Angle o'the towne, (the Streights, or the *Bermuda's*), where the quarrelling lesson is, read, and how doe they entertaine the time, but with bottle-ale, and tobacco? The Lecturer is o'one side, and his Pupils o'the other; But the seconds are still bottle-ale, and tobacco, for which the Lecturers, and the Nouices pay. Thirty pound a weekke in bottle-ale! fordy in tobacco! and ten more in Ale againe. Then for a sute to drinke in, so much, and (that being slaver'd), so much for another. sute, and then a third sute, and a fourth sute! and still the bottle-ale lynes geth, and the tobacco stinketh!

WAS. Heart of a mad man! are you rooted dicordially, you

Hee picketh
his purse.

neuer away? what can any man finde out in this bawling fellow, to grow heere for? hee is a full handfull higher, sin' he heard him, will you fix heere? and set vp a Booth? Sir?

IVS. I will conclude briefly—

WAS. Hold your peace, you roaring Rascall, I'le runne my head i' your chaps else. You were best build a Booth, and entertaine him, make your Will, and you say the word, and him your heyre! heart, I neuer knew one taken with a mouth of a pecke, a-fore. By this light, I'le carry you away o' my backe, and you will not come.

He gets him
up on pick-
packe.

COK. Stay *Numps*, stay, set mee downe: I ha' lost my purse, *Numps*, O my purse! one o'my fine purses is gone.

OVER. Is't indeed, brother?

COK. I, as I am an honest man, would I were an errant Rogue, else! a plague of all roguy, damn'd cut-purses for me.

WAS. Bleste 'hem with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! Now, as I am no Infidell, that I know of, I am glad on't. I am, (here's my witness!) doe you see, Sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I? no, no, I am a dull malt-horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not iustly seru'd i' your conscience now? speake i' your conscience. Much good doe you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart againe.

EDG. This fellow is very charitable, would he had a purse too! but, I must not be too bold, all at a time.

COK. Nay, *Numps*, it is not my best purse.

WAS. Not your best! death! why should it be your worst? why shold it be any, indeed, at all? answer me to that, gi'mee a reason from you, why it should be any?

COK. Nor my gold, *Numps*; I ha' that yet, looke heere else, Sister.

WAS. Why so, there's all the feeling he has!

OVER. I pray you, haue a better care of that, brother.

COK. Nay, so I will, I warrant you; let him catch this, that catch can. I would faine see him get this, looke you heere.

WAS. So, so, so, so, so, so! Very good.

COK. I would ha' him come againe, now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good iest? I will put it iust where th'other was, and if we ha' good lucke, you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cutpurse, nibling.

EDG. Faith, and he'll trye ere you be out o' the *Fayre*.

COK. Come, Mistresse *Grace*, pre'thee be not melancholy for my mis-chance; sorrow wi'not keepe it, Sweetheart.

GRA. I doe not thinke on't, Sir.

COK. 'Twas but a little scuruy white money, hang it: it may hang the cutpurse, one day. I ha' gold left to gi'thee a sayring, yet, as hard as the world goes: nothing angers me, but that no body heere, look'd like a cutpurse, unlesse 'twere *Numps*.

WAS.

WAS. How? I? I looke like a curpurse? death! your Sister's a curpurse! and your mother and father, and all your kinne were curpurses! And here is a Rogue is the baud o'the curpurses, whom I will beat to begin with.

COK. Numps, Numps.

OVER. Good M^r Humphrey.

WAS. You are the Patrico! are you? the Patriarch of the curpurses? you share, Sir, they say, let them share this with you. Are you i'your hot fit of preaching againe? I'le coole you.

Ivs. Murther, murther, murther.

Ivs. Hold thy hand, childe of wrath, and heyro of anger, make it not Childermaſſe day in thy fury, or the feast of the French Bartholomew, Parent of the Massacre.

They speake all together: and Waspe bears the Justice.



ACT. III. SCENE. I.

WHIT.HAGGISE.BRISTLE.LEATHER-HEAD. TRASH.



Ay, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen
tou vilt not be phitin call, Master Off-
ficer, phat ifh a man te better to lishen
out noyshes for thee, & tou art in an oder
ord, being very, shuffishtient noyshes
and gallantsh too, one o'their brabblesh
woud have fed vsh all dish for night, but
tou art so bushy about beggerish stil, tou
hast no leshure to intend shentlemen,
and tbe. M O O M . M V H .

HAG. Why, I told you, *Davy Bristle*.

BRST. Come, come, you told mee a pudding, *Toby Haggise*; A
matter of nothing, I am sure it came to nothing! you said, let's
goe to *Yrſla's*, indeedee, but then you met the man with the mon-
sters,

sters, and I could not get you from him. An old foole, not leue seeing yet?

HAG. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha' quarrell'd so earely? or that the ale o'the *Fayre* would ha' beene vp so soone.

WHI. Phy? phat a clocke toest thou tink it ish, man?

HAG. I cannot tell.

WHI. Tou art a vishe vatchman, i'te meane teeme.

HAG. Why? should the watch goe by the clocke, or the clock by the watch, I pray?

BRI. One should goe by another, if they did well.

WHI. Tou art right now! phen didst thou ever know, or heare of a shuffishlent vatchman, but he did tell the clocke, phat bushynesse souuer he had?

BRI. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knowes what a clocke it is.

WHI. Shleeping, or vaking! ash well as te clocke himselfe, or te lack dat shrikes him!

BRI. Let's enquire of Master Leatherhead, or *Ione Traff* heere. Master Leatherhead, doe you heare, Master Leatherhead?

WHI. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, dat shou must noish vill not peirsh him.

LEA. I haue a little busynesse now, good friends doe not trouble me.

WHI. Phat? because o'ty wrought neet cap, and ty pheluet sherkyn, Man? phy? I haue sheene tee ip ty Ledder sherkyn, ere now, Mashter de hobby-Horses, as bushy and as stately as tou shem'st to be.

TRA. Why, what an' you haue, Captaine *whit*? hee has his choyce of lerkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when hee pleases to be either sickle, or employ'd.

LEA. God a mercy *lone*, answer for me.

WHI. Away, be not sheen i'my company, here be shentlemen, and mea of vorship.

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

QVARLOVS. WHIT. WINNIE. BY
JOHN. PVRE-CRAFT. WIN. KNOX
HVM. MOON-GALF. VRS LA.

WE had wonderfull ill lucke, to misse this prologue o'the purse, but the best is, we shall haue sue *acts* of him ere night: hee'll be spectacle enough! I'll answer for it.

WHI.

WHI. O Creesh ! Duke Quarlaus, how dosht thou ? thou dosht not know me, I feare ? I am te vishest man, but Iustish Ouerdoo, in all Bartholmevv Fayre, now. Gi' me tweluepence from thee, I will help thee to a vise worth forty marks for't, and't be.

QVAR. Away, Rogue, Pimpe away.

WHI. And thee shall shew thee as fine cut o'rke forst in her smock too, as thou canst vjsh i' faith ; vilt thou haue her, vorshipfull vifewise ? I will helpe thee to her, heere, be an't be, in te pig-quarter, gi' me ty twelpence from thee,

WIN-W. Why, there's twelpence, pray thee vilt thou be gone.

WHI. Tou art a worthy man, and a vorshipfull man still.

QVAR. Get you gone, Rascall.

WHI. I doe meane it, man. Prinsh Quarlaus if thou haest need on me, tou shalt finde me heere, at Vrsta's, I will see phat ale, and punque ish i'te pig-shyt, for thee, blesse ty good vorship.

QVAR. Locke ! who comes heere ! John Little-pit !

WIN-W. And his wife, and my widdow, her mother: the whole family.

QVAR. Slight, you must gi'hem all fairings, now !

WIN-W. Not I, I'le not see 'hem,

QVAR. They are going a feasting. What Scholc-master's that is with 'em ?

WIN-W. That's my Riuall, I beleue, the Baker !

BVS. So, walke on in the middle way, fore-right, turne neyther to the right hand, nor to the left : let not your eyes be drawne aside with vanity, nor your eare with toyse.

QVAR. O, I know him by that start !

LEA. What do you lack? what do you buy, pretty Mistrist ! fine Hobby-Horse, to make your sonne a Tilter ? a Drum to make him a Souldier ? a Fiddle, to make him a Reveller ? What is't you lack ? Little Dogs for your Daughters ! or Babies, male, or female ?

BVS. Look not toward them, harken not: the place is Smithfield, or the field of Smiths, the Groue of Hobbi-horses and trinkets, the wares are the wares of quuels. And the whole Fayre is the shop of Saian ! They are hooks, and baites, very baites, that are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to hold you as it were, by the gills, and by the nostrills, as the Fisher doth: therefore, you must not looke, nor turne toward them -- The Heathen man could stop his eares with wax, against the harlot o'the sca : Doe you the like, with your fingers against the bells of the Beast.

WIN-W. What flashes comes from him !

QVAR. O, he has those of his open ! a notable hot Baker 'twas, when hee ply'd the peels : hee is leading his flocke into the Fayre, now.

WIN-W. Rather driuing 'em to the Pens : for he will let 'em looke vpon nothing.

KNO. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot ! whither walke you ?

Little-wit
is gazing at
the fayre;
which is the
Pigs-head
with a large
writing un-
der it.

Have a care o'your fine velvet caps, the *Fayre* is dusty. Take a sweet delicate Booth, with boughs, here, i'the way, and coole your selues i'the shade: you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale i' the *Fayre*, Sir. Old *Vrsle* is Cooke, there you may read: the pigges head speakes it. Poore soule, shee has had a *Sringhals*, the *Marybinches*: but shee's prettily amended.

WH. A delicate show-pig, little Mistris, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leaf i'de fire, la! Tou shalt ha'de cleane side o'de table-clot and di glass vash'd with phatersh of Dame *Annesh Cleare*.

IOH. This's fine, verily, here be the best pigs: and shee doe's roast 'hem as well as euer shee did; the Pigs head sayes.

KNO. Excellent, excellent, Mistris, with fire o' *Juniper* and *Rosemary* branches! The Oracle of the Pigs head, that, Sir.

PVR. Sonne, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye? haue you forgot the wholesome admonition, so soone?

IOH. Good mother, how shall we finde a pigge, if we doe not looke about for't? will it run off o'the spit, into our mouths thinke you? as in *Lubberland*? and cry, we, we?

BVS. No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiueth it may offer it selfe, by other meanes, to the sense, as by way of steeme, which I thinke it doth, here in this place (Huh, huh) yes, it doth. and it were a sinne of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline, or resist the good titillation of the famelick sense, which is the snell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh) follow the sent. Enter the Tents of the vncleane, for once, and satisfie your wiuess frailty. Let your fraile wife be satisfied: your zealous mother, and my suffering selfe, will also be satisfied.

IOH. Come, *Win*, as good winny here, as goe farther, and see nothing.

BVS. Wee scape so much of the other vanities, by our earely entring.

PVR. It is an ædifying consideration.

WIN. This is scuruy, that wee must come into the *Fayre*, and not looke on't.

IOH. *Win*, haue patience, *Win*, I'le tell you more anon.

KNO. *Moone-calf*, entertaine within there, the best pig i'the Booth; a Porklike pig. These are *Banbury-bloods*, o'the sincere stud, come a pigge-hunting. *Whit*, wait *Whit*, looke to your charge.

BVS. A pigge prepare, presently, let a pigge be prepared to vs.

MOO. S'light, who be these?

VRS. Is this the good seruice, *Jordan*, you'ld doe me?

KNO. Why, *Vrs*? why, *Vrs*? thou'l ha' vapours i'thy legge againe presently, pray thee go in, 't may turne to the scratches else.

VRS.

VRS. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stinke like you, are these the guests o'the game, you promis'd to fill my pit with all, to day?

KNO. I, what aile they *Vrs*?

VRS. Aile they? they are all sippers, sippers o'the City, they looke as they would not drinke off two penceorth of bottle-ale amongst 'hem.

MOO. A body may read that i'their small printed ruffes.

KNO. Away, thou art a foole, *Vrs*, and thy *Moone-calf* too, i'your ignorant vapours, now? hence, good guests, I say right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple o'pigs o'the board, and halfe a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'hem, and call *Whit*, I doe not loue to heare Innocents abus'd: Fine ambling hypocrites! and a stone-puritane, with a sorrell head, and beard, good mouth'd gluttons: two to a pigge, away.

VRS. Are you sure they are such?

KNO. O'the right breed, thou shalt try 'hem by the teeth, *Vrs*, where's this *Whit*?

WHI. Behold, man and see, what a worthy man am ee!

*With the fury of my sword, and the shaking of my beard,
I will make ten thousand men afraid.*

KNO. Well said, braue *Whit*, in, and feare the ale-out o'the bottles, into the bellies of the brethren, and the sisters drinke to the cause, and pure vapours.

QVAR. My Roaster is turn'd Tapster, mee thinks. Now were a fine time for thee, *Win-wife*, to lay aboard thy widdow, thou'l never be Master of a better season, or place; shee that will venture her selfe into the *Fayre*, and a pig-boxe, will admit any assault, be assur'd of that.

WIN. I loue not enterprises of that suddennesse, though.

QVAR. I'le warrant thee, then, no wife out o'the widdowes Hundred: if I had but as much Title to her, as to haue breath'd once on that streight stomacher of hers, I would now assurc my selfe to carry her, yet, ere shewent out of *Smithfield*. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confessie. But you are a modest undertaker, by circumstances, and degrees; come, 'tis Disease in thee, not Judgement, I should offer at all together. Looke, here's the poore foole, againe, that was stung by the waspe, ere while.

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

IVSTICE. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

I will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragical conclusions. And I begin now to thinke, that by a spice of collaterrall Iustice, *Adam Ouerdoo*, deseru'd this beating; for I the said *Adam*, was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse was lost: and my wiues brothers purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it, at supper, (that will be the sport) and put my little friend, *M^r Humphrey Wasp*'s choler quite out of countenance. When, sitting at the vpper end o'my Table, as I vse, & drink-ing to my brother *Cokes*, and *M^r. Alice Ouerdoo*, as I wil, my wife, for their good affectiō to old *Bradley*, I deliuier to 'hem, it was I, that was cudgell'd, and shew'hem the marks. To see what bad euent may peepe out o'the taile of good purposes! the care I had of that ciuil yong man, I tooke fancy to this morning, (and haue not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company, indeeide, which drew the cut-purse; which drew the money; which drew my brother *Cokes* his losse; which drew on *Wasp*'s anger; which drew on my beating: a pretty gradation! And they shall ha' it i'their dish, i'faith, at night for fruit: I loue to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one speciaill blow he ga'me, to haue reuealed my selfe? but then (I thank thee fortitude) I remembred that a wise man (and who is euer so great a part, o'the Commonwealth in himselfe) for no particular disaster ought to abandon a publike good designe. The husbandman ought not for one vnt-thankful yeer, to forsake the plough; The Shepheard ought not, for one scabb'd sheep, to throw by his tar-boxe; The Pilot ought not for one leake i'the poope, to quit the Helme; Nor the Alderman ought not for one custard more, at a meale, to giue vp his cloake; The Constable ought not to breake his staffe, and forsweare the watch, for one roaring night; Nor the Piper o'the Parish (*ut paruis componere magna solebam*) to put vp his pipes, for one rainy Sunday. These are certaine knocking conclusions; out of which, I am resolu'd, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come banishment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discouer who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said euer, in Iustice name, and the King's, and for the Commonwealth.

WIN.

WIN. What doe's he talke to himselfe, and act so seriously ?
poore foole !

QVAR. No matter what. Here's fresher argument, intend that.

ACT.III. SCENE. IIIJ.

COKES. LEATHERHEAD. WASPE. Mistresse
OVERDOO. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.
TRASH. GRACE.

COME, Mistresse Grace, come Sister, heere's more fine sights,
Cyet i'faith. Gods'lid where's *Numps* ?

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen ? what is't you buy ?
fine Rattles ! Drummes ? Babies ? little Dogges ? and Birds for
Ladies ? What doe you lacke ?

COK. Good honest *Numps*, keepe afore, I am so afraid thou'l
lose somewhat : my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

WAS. You were best buy a whip i'your hand to driue me.

COK. Nay, doe not mistake, *Numps*, thou art so apt to mis-
take : I would but watch the goods. Looke you now, the treble
fiddle, was e'en almost like to be lost.

WAS. Pray you take heede you lose not your selfe : your best
way, were e'en get vp, and ride for more surety. Buy a tokenes
worth of great pinnes, to fasten your selfe to my shoulder.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen ? fine purses, pouches,
pincases, pipes ? What is't you lacke ? a paire o'smithes to wake
you i'the morning ? or a fine whistling bird ?

COK. *Numps*, here be finer things then any we ha' bought by
oddes ! and more delicate horses, a great deale ! good *Numps*,
stay, and come hither.

WAS. Will you scourse with him ? you are in *Smithfield*, you
may fit your selfe with a fine easy-going street-nag, for your sad-
dle again' *Michaelmasse-terme*, doe, has he ne'er a little odde cart for
you, to make a Carroch on, i'the countrey, with foure pyed hob-
byhorses ? why the meazills, shold you stand heere, with your
traine, cheaping of Dogges, Birds, and Babies ? you ha' no chil-
dren to bestow 'hem on ? ha' you ?

COK. No, but again' I ha' children, *Numps*, that's all one.

WAS. Do, do, do, do ; how many shall you haue, think you ?
an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my Tenants, too, they are a kind
o' ciuill Sauages, that wil part with their children for rattles, pipes,
and kniues. You were best buy a hatchet, or two, & truck with 'hem.

COK. Good *Numps*, hold that little tongue o' thine, and saue it a labour. I am resolute *Bar*, thou know'ft.

WAS. A resolute foole, you are, I know, and a very sufficient Coxcombe; with all my heart; nay you haue it, Sir, and you be angry, turd i' your teeth, twice: (if I said it not once afore) and much good doe you.

WIN. Was there euer such a selfe affliction? and so impertinent?

QVAR. Alas! his care will goe neare to cracke him, let's in, and comfort him.

WAS. Would I had beeene set i' the gronnd, all but the head on me, and had my braines bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I vnderwent this plague of a charge!

QVAR. How now, *Numps*! almost tir'd i' your Protectorship? ouerparted? ouerparted?

WAS. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am, dos't grieue you?

QVAR. No, I sweare dos't not, *Numps*: to satisfie you.

WAS. *Numps*? S'blood, you are fine and familiar! how long ha' wee bin acquainted, I pray you?

QVAR. I thinke it may be remembred, *Numps*, that? 'twas since morning sure.

WAS. Why, I hope I know't well enough, Sir, I did not aske to be told.

QVAR. No? why then?

WAS. It's no matter why, you see with your eyes, now, what I said to you to day? you'll beleue me another time?

QVAR. Are you remouing the *Fayre*, *Numps*?

WAS. A pretty question! and a very ciuill one! yes faith, I ha' my lading you see; or shall haue anon, ~~you~~ may know whose beast I am, by my burthen. If the pannier-mans Iacke were euer better knowne by his loynes of mutton, I'le be flead, and feede dogs for him, when his time ~~comes~~.

WIN. How melancholi Mistresse *Grace* is yonder! pray thee let's goe enter our selues in *Grace*, with her.

COK. Those sixe horses, friend I'le haue—

WAS. How!

COK. And the three Lewes trumps; and halfe a dozen o' Birds, and that Drum, (I haue one Drumme already) and your Smiths; I like that deuice o' your smiths, very pretty well, and foure Halberts—and (le me see) that fine painted great Lady, and her three women for state, I'le haue.

WAS. No, the shop; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!

LEA. If his worship please.

WAS. Yes, and keepe it during the *Fayre*, Bobchin.

COK. Peace, *Numps*, friend, doe not meddle with him, an' you

you be wise, and would shew your head aboue board : hee will sting thorow your wrought night-cap, beleue me. A set of these Violines, I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I haue i' the countrey, that are every one a size lesse then another, just like your fiddles. I would faine haue a fine young Masque at my marriage, now I thinke on't : but I doe want such a number o'things. And *Nemps* will not helpe me now, and I dare not speake to him.

TRA. Will your worship buy any ginger-bread, very good bread, comfortable bread ?

COK. Ginger-bread ! yes, let's see.

WAS. There's the tother sprindge ?

LEA. Is this well, goody *lone* ? to interrupt my market ? in the midſt ? and callaway my customers ? can you anſwer this, at the *Piepouldres* ?

TRA. Why ? if his Master-ſhip haue a minde to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's ; I may shew my ware, as well as you yours.

COK. Hold your peace ; I'lc content you both : I'le buy vp his shop, and thy basket.

WAS. Will you i' faith ?

LEA. Why ſhould you put him from it, friend ?

WAS. Cry you mercy ! you'd be fold too, would you ? what's the price on you ? Jerkin, and all as you stand ? ha' you any qua-
lities ?

TRA. Yes, good-man angry-man, you ſhall finde he has qua-
lities, if you cheaſen him.

WAS. Gods ſo, you ha' the ſelling of him ! what are they ? will they be bought for loue, or money ?

TRA. No indeed, Sir.

WAS. For what then ? viuallis ?

TRA. He ſcornes viuallis, Sir, he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God ! and yet he will ſpend more for a good meale, if the toy take him i' the belly, mary then they muſt not ſet him at lower end ; if they do, he'll goe away, though he fast. But put him a top o' the Table, where his place is, and hee'll doe you forty fine things. Hee has not been ſent for, and ſought out for nothing, at your great ciſty ſuppers, to put downe *Cerias*, and *Cokeley*, and bin laught at for his labour ; he'll play you all the Puppets i' the towne ouer, and the Players, every company, and his owne company too ; he ſpares no body !

COK. I' faith ?

TRA. Hee was the firſt, Sir, that euer baited the fellow i' the beare's ſkin, an't like your worship : no dog euer came neer him, ſince. And for fine motions !

COK. Is hee good at thofe too ? can hee ſet out a Masque trow' ?

TRA. O Lord, Master ! ſought to farre, and neare, for his in-
uenſions :

Her unneſſe
her ſoop.

uentions: and hee engrosses all, hee makes all the Puppets i' the Fayre.

COK. Do'st thou (in troth) hold velvet Jerkin? giue mee thy hand.

TRA. Nay, Sir, you shall see him in his velvet Jerkin, and a Scarfe, too, at night, when you heare him interpret Master *Littlewit's* Motion.

COK. Speake no more, but shut vp shop presently, friend. I'le buy both it, and thee too, to carry downe with me, and her hamper, beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the Masque, and hers the Banquet: I cannot goe lesse, to set out any thing with credit. what's the price, at a word, o'thy whole shop, case, and all as it stands?

LEA. Sir, it stands me in sixe and twenty shillings seuen pence, halfe-peny, besides three shillings for my ground.

COK. Well, thirty shillings will doe all, then! And what comes yours too?

TRA. Foure shillings, and cleauen pence, Sir, ground, and all, an't like your worship.

COK. Yes, it do's like my worship very well, poore woman, that's fiuе shillings more, what a Masque shall I furnish out, for forty shillings? (twenty pound scotsh) and a Banquet of Ginger-bread? there's a stately thing! *Nymphs*? Sister? and my wedding gloues too? (that I never thought on afore.) All my wedding gloues, Ginger-bread? O me! what a deuice will there be? to make 'hem eate their fingers ends! and delicate Brooches for the Bride-men! and all! and then I'le ha' this poesie put to 'hem: *For the best grace*, meaning Mistresle Grace, my wedding poesie.

GRA. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your Bartholmew-wit.

WAS. You doe not meane this, doe you? is this your first purchase?

COK. Yes faith, and I doe not thinke, *Nymphs*, but thou'l say, it was the wisest A&T, that euer I did in my wardship.

WAS. Like inough! I shall say any thing. I!

A C T.

ACT. III. SCENE. V.

IV S T I C E. E D G V V O R T H. N I G H T I N G A L E.

I Cannot beget a *Project*, with all my politicall braine, yet ; my *Project* is how to fetch off this proper young man, from his debaucht company : I haue followed him all the *Fayre* ouer, and still I finde him with this songster : And I begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity ; and the young man of a terrible taint, *Poetry* ! with which idle disease, if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a state-course. *Adum est*, of him for a common-wealths-man : if hee goe to't in *Rime*, once.

EDG. Yonder he is buying o'Ginger-bread : set in quickly, before he part wirth too much on his money.

NIG. *My masters and friends, and good people, draw neere, &c.*

COK. Ballads ! harke, harke ! pray thee, fellow, stay a little, good *Numpes*, looke to the goods. What Ballads hast thou ? let me see, let me see my selfe.

WAS. Why so ! hee's flowne'to another lime-bush, there he will flutter as long more ; till hee ha' ne'r a feather lefft. Is there a vexation like this, Gentlemen ? will you beleue mee now, hereafter ? shall I haue credit with you ?

QVAR. Yes faith, shalt thou, *Numpes*, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I never saw a young Pimpe errant, and his Squire better match'd.

WIN-W. Faith, the sister comes after hem, well, too.

GRA. Nay, if you saw the Justice her husband, my Guardian, you were fitted for the Messe, hee is such a wise one his way —

WIN-W. I wonder, wee see him not heere.

GRA. O ! hee is too serious for this place, and yet better sport then then the other three, I assure you, Gentlemen : where ere he is, though't be o'the Bench.

COK. How dost thou call it ! A caueat against cutpurses ! a good iest, i'faith, I would faine see that *Demon*, your Cutpurse, you talke of, that delicate handed Diuell ; they say he walkes hereabout ; I would see him walke, now. Looke you sister, here,here, let him come, sister, and welcome. Ballad -man, do's any cutpur-
ses haunt hereabout ? pray thee raise me one or two : beginne and shew me one.

NIG. Sir, this is a spell against 'hem, spicke and span new, and 'tis made as 'twere in mine owne person, and I sing it in mine owne defence.

*He runn's
to the Ballad
man.*

*He show's^s
his purse
boastingly.*

defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone, if you buy it.

COK. No matter for the price, thou dost not know me, I see,
I am an odd *Bartholmew*.

OVE. Ha'st a fine picture, Brother?

COK. O Sister, doe you remember the ballads ouer the Nur-
sery-chimney at home o' my owne pasting vp, there be braue pi-
ctures. Other manner of pictures, than these, friend.

WAS. Yet these will serue to picke the pictures out o' your
pockets, you shall see.

COK. So, I heard 'hem say. Pray thee mind him not, fellow:
hee'll haue an care in every thing.

NIG. It was intended Sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut
in my presence, now, I may be blamelesse, though: as by the se-
quel, will more plainly appeare.

COK. We shall find that i'the matter. Pray thee begin.

NIG. To the tune of *Paggingtons Pound*, Sir.

COK. Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la. Nay, I'll put thee in tunc,
and all! mine owne country dance! Pray thee begin.

NIG. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, Sir, both to
the purse-cutter, and the purse-bearer.

COK. Not a word more, out o'the tunc, an' thou lou'st mee:
Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la. Come, when?

NIG. My masters and friends, and good people draw neere,
And looke to your purses, for that I doe say;

COK. Ha, ha, this chimes! good counsell at first dash.

NIG. And though little money, in them you doe beare.

It cost more to get, then to lose in a day. [COK. Good!

You oft haue beeene told,

Both the young and the old;

And bidden beware of the cutpurse bold: Said! hee were
Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse, To blame that
Who both give you warning, for and, the cutpurse. Wold not i'faith.
Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin staru'd by thy Nurse,
Then line to be hanged for cutting a purse.

COK. Good i'faith, how say you, Nempes? Is there any harme
i'this?

NIG. It hath bin upbrayded to men of my trade,
That ofte times we are the cause of this crime. More coxcobes
Alacke and for pitty, why should it be said? They that did it,
As if they regarded or places, or time. I wusse.

Examples haue been

Offsome that were seen,

In Westminster Hall, yea the pleaders between,
Then why should the judges be free from this curse, Mercy for that!
More then my poore selfe, for cutting the purse? why should they
Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin staru'd by thy Nurse, be more free in-
Then line to be hanged for cutting a purse. deede?

COK.

COK. That againe, good Ballad-man, that againe. O rare! I would faine rubbe mine elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand. On, I pray thee, hee that made this ballad, shall be poer to my *blasque*.

He faygs shp
burden with
him.

NIG. At Worc'ter 'tis knowne well, and eu'en i the Layle,
A Knight of good worship did there shew his face,
Against the soulesianers, in zeale for to rayle,
And lost (ipso facto) his purse in the place. S

COK. Is it
Nay, once from the Seat
Of Iudgement so great,

A Judge there did lose a faire pouch of velluite.
O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those that so venture their necks for a purse! Youth, youth, &c.

COK. I faith?

COK. Youth, youth, &c? pray thee stay a little, friend, yet
o' thy eonscience. Numps, speake, is there any harme i this?

WAS. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, lesse you had
grace to follow it.

IVS. It doth discouer enormitie, I le marke it more: I ha' not
lik'd a paltry piece of poetry, so well a good while.

COK. Youth, youth, &c! where's this youth, now? A man
must call vpon him, for his owne good, and yet hee will not ap-
peare: looke here, here's for him, handy-dandy, which hand will he
haue? On, I pray thee, with the rest, I doe heare of him, but I
cannot see him, this Master Youth, the outpurse.

He faygs shp
burden with
him.

NIG. At Playes and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,
'Tis daily their practice such booy to make:
Yea, under the Gallowes, at Executions,
They sticke not the Stare-abouts purses to take.

Nay one without grace,
at a better place, S

COK. That was a
since fellow! I would

At Court, & in Christmas, before the Kings face, blasphe him, now.

Alacke then for pity must I beare the curse,

That onely belongs to the cunning curpurse?

COK. But where's their cunning, now, when they should vse
it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. Youth, youth, shon had
better, &c. The Rat-catchers charme, are all tooles and Aſles to
this! A poxe on 'hem, that they will not come; that a man should
have such a desire to a thing, and want it.

QVAR. Fore God, I'd give halfe the Fayre, and twere mine,
for a curpurse for him, to save his leaging.

COK. Looke you Sister, heere, heere, where is't now? which
pocket is't in? for a wager?

WAS. I beseech you leauue your wagers, and let him end his
matter, an't may be.

COK. O, are you edified Numps?

IVS. Indeed hee do's interrupt him, too much: There Numps
spoke to purpose.

He faygs shp
burden with
him.

against
Edgworth
gets up to
him, and
suckles him
in the ear
with a straw
twice to
draw his
hand out
of his pocket.

COK. Sister, I am an Asse; I cannot keepe my purse: on, on; I
pray thee, friend.

WINW. Will
you see sport?
looke, there's
a fellow ga-
thers vp to
him, marke.

NIG. But O, you vile nation of cutpurse's all,
Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,
And know that you ought not, by honest mens fall,
Aduaunce your owne fortunes, to die aboue ground,
And though you goe gay,
In silkes as you may,
It is not the high way to heauen, (as they say)
Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse:
And kissc not the Gallowes for cutting a purse.
To nth, youth, thou hadst better bin stora'd by thy Nurse,
Then like to be hanged for cutting a purse.

QVA. Good, i
taith! Ô he has
lighted on the
wrôg pocket.

WINW. He
has it, 'fore

God hee is a brave fellow; pitry hee shoule be detected.

ALL. An excellent ballad! an excellent ballad!

EDG. Friend, let mee ha' the first, let mee ha' the first, I pray
you.

COK. Pardon mee, Sir. First come, first seru'd; and I'le buy
the whole bundle too.

WIN. That conueyante was better then all, did you see it? he
has given the purse to the ballad-singer.

QVAR. Has hee?

EDG. Sir, I cry you mercy; I'le not hindert the poore mans
profit: pray you mistake me not.

COK. Sir, I take you for an honest Gentleman; if that be mista-
taking, I met you to day afore: ha! humh! O God! my purse is
gone, my purse, my purse, &c.

WAS. Come, doe not make a stirre, and cry your selfe an Asse,
thorow the Fayre afore your time!

COK. Why, hast thou it, Numpes? good Numpes, how came
you by it? I marle!

WAS. I pray you seeke some other gamster, to play the foole
with: you may haue it time enough, for all your Fayre-wit.

COK. By this good hand, gloue and all, I ha' lost it already, if
thou hast it not; seeke else, and Mistris Grace's handkercher, too, out
o' the other pocket.

WAS. Why, 'tis well, very well, exceeding pretty, and well.

EDG. Are you sure you ha' lost it, Sir?

COK. O God! yes; as I am an honest man, I had it but e'en
now, at youth, youth.

NIG. I hope you suspect not me, Sir.

EDG. Theel! that were a iest indeede! Dost thou think the
Gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee? Away
Asse, away.

IYS. I shall be beaten againe, if I be spid.

EDG. Sir, I suspect an odde fellow, yonder, is steling away.

QVA.

OVE. Brother, it is the preaching fellow ! you shall suspect him. He was at your tother purse, you know ! Nay, stay, Sir, and view the worke you ha'done, an' you be benefic'd at the Gallowes, and preach there, thanke your owne handy-worke.

COK. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment: you shall be silenc'd quickly.

JVS. What doe you mean ? Sweer buds of gentility.

COK. To ha' my peneworths out on you : Bud. No leſſe then two purses a day, serue you ? I thought you a ſimpole fellow, when my man *Numpes* beate you, i' the morning, and pittied you.

OVE. So did I, I'll beſworne, brother ; but now I ſee hee is a lowd, and pernicious Enormity. (as Master *Ouerdoe* calls him.)

JVS. Mine owne words turn'd vpon mee, like ſwords.

COK. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you, i' the Masters pocket, but you muſt intice it forth, and debauch it ?

WAS. Sir, Sir, keepe your debauch, and your fine *garboſman* termes to your ſelfe ; and make as much on hem as you please. But gi' me this from you, i' the meane time : I beſeech you, ſee if I can looke to this.

COK. Why, *Numpes* ?

WAS. Why, because you are an Aſſe, Sir, there's a reaſon the ſhortest way, and you will neeſt ha' it ; now you ha' got the tricke of loſing, you'd loſe your breech, an' twere loſe. I know you, Sir, come, deliuſer, you'll go and cracke the vermine, you breed now, will you ? 'tis very fine, will you ha' the truſh ea't ? they are ſuch retchleſſe flies as you are, that blow curpurſes a-broad in every corner ; your foolish hauiing of money, makes 'em. An' there were no wiſer then I, Sir, the trade ſhoud lye open for you, Sir, it ſhould i' faith, Sir. I would teach your wit to come to your head, Sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I afſure you, Sir.

WIN. Alacke, good *Numpes*.

WAS. Nay, Gentlemen, never pitty mee, I am not worth it : Lord ſend me at home once, to *Harrow o' the Hill* againe, if I traueil any more, call me *Coriat* ; withall my heart.

QVAR. Stay, Sir, I muſt haue a word with you in priuate. Doe you heare ?

EDG. With me, Sir ? what's your pleaſure ? good Sir.

QVAR. Doe not deny it. You are a cutpurſe, Sir, this Gentleman here, and I, ſaw you, nor doe we meane to detect you (though we can ſufficiently informe our ſelues, toward the danger of concealing you) but you muſt doe vs a piece of ſervice.

EDG. Good Gentleman, doe not vndoe me ; I am a ciuill young man, and but a beginner, indeed.

QVAR. Sir, your beginning ſhall bring on your ending, for vs.

Wasp takes
the Licence
from him.

We are no Catchpoles nor Constables. That you are to vndertake, is this; you saw the old fellow, with the blacke boxe, here?

EDG. The little old Gouvernour, Sir?

QVAR. That same: I see, you haue flowne him to a marke already. I would ha' you get away that boxe from him, and bring it vs.

EDG. Would you ha' the boxe and all, Sir? or onely that, that is in't? I'le get you that, and leaue him the boxe, to play with still: (which will be the harder o'the two) because I would gaine your worshipes good opinion of me.

WIN-W. He sayes well, 'tis the greater Mastry, and twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

EDG. I, and twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

QVAR. But leoke you doe it now, sirrah, and keepe your word: or—

EDG. Sir, if euer I breake my word, with a Gentleman, may I never read word at my need. Where shall I find you?

QVAR. Some where i'the Fayre, heereabouts: Dispatch it quickly. I would faine see the carefull foole deluded! of all Beasts, I loue the serious Asse. He that takes paines to be one, and playes the foole, with the greatest diligence that can be.

GRA. Then you would not chose, Sir, but loue my Guardian, Justice *Ouerde*, who is answerable to that description, in every haire of him.

QVAR. So I haue heard: But how came you, Mistis *Welborne*, to be his Ward? or haue relation to him, at first?

GRA. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me, Sir; and now he wil marry me to his wifes brother, this wise Gentleman, that you see, or else I must pay value o'my land.

QVAR. S'lid, is there no deuice of disparagement? or so? talke with some crafty fellow, some picklocke o'the Law! Would I had studied a yeere longer i'the Innes of Court, and't had beene but i'your case.

WIN-W. I Master *Quarles*, are you proffering?

GRA. You'd bring but little ayde, Sir.

WIN-W. (I'le leoke to you 'ifaich, Gamster.) An vnfornatune foolish Tribe you are faine into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'hem.

GRA. Sir, they that cannot worke their fettters off, must weare 'hem.

WIN-W. You see what care they haue on you, to leaue you thus.

GRA. Faith the same they haue of themselves, Sir. I cannot greatly complaime, if this were all the plea I had against 'hem.

WIN. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with vs, a little, and make them thinke, they haue lost you. I hope our maners ha' beene such hitherto, and our language, as will give you

you no cause, to doubt your selfe, in our company.

GRA. Sir, I will give my selfe, no cause ; I am so secure of mine owne manners, as I suspect not yours.

QVAR. Looke where *John Little-wit* comes.

WIN-W. Away, I'le not be scene, by him.

QVAR. No, you were not best, hee'l tell his mother, the widdow.

WIN-W. Heatt, what doe you meane ?

QVAR. Cry you mercy, is the winde there ? must not the widow be nam'd ?

ACT. III SCENE. VI.

JOHN. WIN. TRASH. LEATHERHEAD.

KNOCKHVM. BVSY. PVRE CRAFT.

DOE you heare *Win, Win* ?

WIN. What say you, *John* ?

JOH. While they are paying the reckoning, *Win*, I'll tell you a thing *Win*, wee shall never see any sights i'the *Fayre*, *Win*, except you long still, *Win*, good *Win*, sweet *Win*, long to see some Hob-by-horses, and some Drummes, and Rattles, and Dogs, and fine deuices, *Win*. The Bull with the fine legs, *Win* ; and the great Hog: now you ha' begun with Pigge, you may long for any thing, *Win*, and so for my Motion, *Win*.

WIN. But we sha' not eat o'the Bull, and the Hogge, *John*, how shall I long then ?

JOH. O yes ! *Win* : you may long to see, as well as to taste, *Win* : how did the Pothecarie's wife, *Win*, that long'd to see the Anatomy, *Win* ? or the Lady, *Win*, that desir'd to spit i'the great Lawyers mouth, after an eloquent pleading ? I assure you they long'd, *Win*, good *Win*, goe in, and long.

TRA. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother Leatherhead, wee shall heare no more of him.

LEA. All the better, let's packe vp all, and be gone, before he finde vs.

*They ple to
begone.*

TRA. Stay a little, yonder comes a company : it may be wee may take some more money.

KNO. Sir, I will take your counsell, and cut my haire, and leaue vapours : I see, that Tabacco, and Bottle-Ale, and Pig, and *Whit*, and very *vrsla*, her selfe, is all vanity.

BVS. Onely Pigge was not comprehended in my admonition, the

the rest were. For long haire, it is an Ensigne of pride, a banner, and the world is full of those banners, very full of Banners. And, bottle-ale is a drinke of Sathan's, a diet-dinke of Sathan's, devised to puffe vs vp, and make vs swell in this latter age of vanity, as the smoake of tabacco, to keepe vs in mist and error: But the fleshlywoman, (which you call *Wiffla*) is aboue all to be auoyded, hauing the marks vpon her, of the three enemies of Man, the World, as being in the *Faire*; the Deuill, as being in the fire; and and the Flesh, as being her selfe.

PVR. Brother *Zeale-of-the-land*! what shall we doe? my daughter *Win-the-fight*, is falne into her fit of longing againe.

BVS. For more pig? there is no more, is there?

PVR. To see someights, i' the *Faire*.

BVS. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place, swiftly, lest shee partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seate of the Beast, O *Smithfield*, and I will leaue thee. *Idolatry* peepeth out on euery side of thee.

KNO. An excellent right Hypocrite! now his belly is full, he fylls a railing and kicking, the lade. A very good vapour! I'll in, and ioy *Wiffla*, with telling, how her pigge works, two and a halfe he eate to his share. And he has drunke a pailefull. He eates with his eyes, as well as his teeth.

LEA. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? What is't you buy? Rattles, Drummis, Babies.

BVS. Peace, with thy *Apocryphall* wares, thou prophane Publican: thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobie's Dogges*. Thy Hobbyhorse is an *Idoll*, a very *Idoll*, a feirce and rancke *Idoll*: And thou, the *Nabuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nabuchadnezzar* of the *Faire*, that set'st it vp, for children to fall downe to, and worship.

LEA. Cryyou mercy, Sir, will you buy a fiddle to fill vp your noise.

IOH. Looke *Win*. doe, looke a Gods name, and saue your longing. Hete be fine sightes.

PVR. I child, so you hate 'hem, as our Brother *Zeale* do's, you may looke on 'hem.

LEA. Or what do you say, to a Drumme, Sir?

BVS. It is the broken belly of the Beast, and thy Bellowes there are his lungs, and these Pipes are his throate, thosē Feathers are of his taile, and thy Rattles, the gnashing of his teeth.

TRA. And what's my ginger-bread? I pray you.

BVS. The prouander that prickshim vp. Hence with thy basket of Popery, thy nest of Images: and whole legend of ginger-worke.

LEA. Sir if you be not quiet, the quicklier, I'll ha'you clapp'd fairely by the heeles, for disturbing the *Faire*.

BVS. The sinne of the *Faire* prouokes me, I cannot bee silent.

PVR. Good brother *Zeale*!

LBA-

LEA. Sir, I'll make you silent, beleeue it.

IOH. I'll give a shilling, you could i'faith, friend.

LEA. Sir, giue me your shilling, I'll give you my shop, if I do not, and I'll leaue it in pawn with you, i'the meane time.

IOH. A march i'faith, but do it quickly, then.

BVS. Hinder me not, woman. I was mou'd in spirit, to bee here, this day, in this *Faire*, this wicked, and foule *Faire*; and sifter may it be a called a foule, then a *Faire*: To protest against the abuses of it, the soule abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandize of *Babylon* againe, & the peeping of *Popery* vpon the stals, here, here, in the high places. See you not *Goldylocks*, the purple strumpet, there? in her yellow gowne, and greene sleeves? the prophane pipes, the tinckling timbrells? A shop of reliques!

He speakes
to the widow.

IOH. Pray you forbeare, I am put in trust with 'hem.

BVS. And this Idolatrous Groue of Images, this flasket of Idols! which I will pull downe.

(TRA. O my ware, my ware, God blesse it.)

BVS. In my zeale, and glory to be thus exercis'd.

LEA. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeale, wee cannot sell a whistle, for him, in tune. Stop his noysse, first!

BVS. Thou canst not: 'tis a sanctified noise. I will make a loud and most strong noise, till I haue daunted the prophane enemy. And for this cause.

LEA. Sir, heer's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall sweare it, i'the stocks, Sir.

BVS. I will thrust my selfe into the stocks, vpon the pikes of the Land.

LEA. Carry him away.

PVR. What doe you meane, wicked men?

BVS. Let them alone; I feare them not.

IOH. Was not this shilling well ventur'd, *Win*? for our liberty? Now we may goe play, and see ouer the *Fayre*, where we list our selues; my mother is gone after him, and let her ee'n go, and loose vs.

WIN. Yes *John*, but I know not what to doe.

IOH. For what, *Win*?

WIN. For a thing, I am ashamed to tell you, i'faith, and 'tis too farre to go home.

IOH. I pray thee bee not ashamed, *Win*. Come, i'faith thou shall not be ashamed, is it any thing about the Hobby-horse-man? an't be, speake freely.

WIN. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorne him; no, I haue very great, what sha'call'um, *John*.

IOH. ô! Is that all, *Win*? wee'll goe backe to Captaine *Jordan*; to the pig-womans, *Win*. hee'll helpe vs, or she with a

Ouernthrows
the ginger-
bread.

Leather-
head enters
with officers

dripping pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poore greasic soule loues you, *Win*, and after we'll visit the *Fayre* all ouer, *Win*, and see my Puppet play, *Win*, you know it's a fine matter, *Win*.

LEA. Let's away, I counsell'd you to packe vp afore, *lone*.

TRA. A poxe of his *Bedlem* purity. Hee has spoyl'd halfe my ware: but the best is, wee lose nothing, if wee misle our first Merchant.

LEA. It shall be hard for him to finde, or know vs, when we are translated, *lone*.



ACT. III. SCENE. I.

TROUBLE-ALL. BRISTLE. HAGGISE.
COXES. IVSTICE. POCHER.
BUSY. PVRE CRAFT.



Y Masters, I doe make no doubt, but you are officers.

BRI. What then, Sir?

TRO. And the Kings louing, and obedient subiects.

BRIL. Obedient, friend? take heede what you speake, I aduise you: *Oliver Bristle* aduise you. His louing subiects, we grant you: but not his obedient, at this time, by your leaue, wee know our selues, a little better then so, wee are to command, Sr, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient subiects, going to the stocks, and wee'll make you such another, if you talke.

TRO. You are all wise enough i'your places, I know.

BRI. If you know it, Sir, why doe you bring it in question?

TRO. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you haue warrant, for what you doe, and so, quit you, and so, multiply you.

HAG. What's bee? bring him vp to the stocks there. Why bring you him not vp?

TRO.

He goes a-way againe.

TRO. If you haue Justice Ouerdoo's warrant, 'tis well: you are safe; that is the warrant of warrants. I'le not give this button, for any mans warrant else.

BRI. Like enough, Sir, but let me tell you, an' you play away your buttons, thus, you will want 'hem ere night, for any stome I see about you: you might keepe 'hem, and save pinnes, I wusse.

Ivs. What should hee be, that doth so esteeme, and advance my warrant? he seemes a sober and discreet person. It is a comfort to a good conscience, to be follow'd with a good fame, in his sufferings. The world will haue a pretty cast by this, how I can beare aduersity: and it will beget a kind of reverence, toward me, hereafter, euen from mine enemies, when they shall see I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither breake mee, nor bend mee.

HAG. Come, Sir, heere's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your legge?

Ivs. That I will, cheerefully.

BRI. O' my conscience a Seminary! hee kisses the stockes.

COK. Well my Masters, I'le leauue him with you; now, If see him bestow'd, I'le goe looke for my goods, and *Numps*.

HAG. You may, Sir, I warrant you; where's the other Bawler? fetch him too, you shall find 'hem both falt enough.

Ivs. In the mid'st of this tumult, I will yet be the *Auctor* of mine owne rest, and not minding these fury, sit in the stockes; in that calme, as shall be able to trouble a *Triumph*.

TRO. Doe you assure me vpon your words, I may I undertake for you, if I be ask'd the question; that you haue this warrant?

HAG. What's this fellow, for Gods sake?

TRO. Doe but shew me *Adam Ouerdoo*, and I am satisfied.

BRI. Hee is a fellow that is distracted, they say; one *Trubblor*; hee was an officer in the Court of Pie-powders, here last yeeare, and put out on his place by Justice Ouerdoo.

Ivs. Ha!

BRI. Vpon which, he tooke an idde conceipt, and's ruppe mad vpon't. So that euer since, hee will doe nothing, but by Justice Ouerdoo's warrant; he will not eare a crust, nor drinke a little, nor make him in his apparel, ready. His wife, *Surenewned*, cannot get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without his warrant.

Ivs. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster! how am I bound to satisfie this poore man, that is of so good a nature to mee, out of his wits! where there is no roome left for dissembling.

TRO. If you cannot shew me *Adam Ouerdoo*, I am in doubt of you: I am afraid you cannot answere it.

HAG. Before me, Neighbour *Bristle* (and now I thinke on't better) Justice Ouerdoo, is a very parantory person.

BRI. O! are you aduis'd of that? and a feuere Iusticer, by your leave.

comes again.

goes away.

They put
him in the
stocks.

comes again.

goes away.

comes in.

goes again.

Ivs. Doe I heare ill o'that side, too?

BRI. He will sit as upright o'the bench, an' you marke him, as a candle i'the socket, and giue light to the whole Court in euery businesse.

HAG. But he will burne blew, and swell like a bille (God blesse vs) an' be angry.

BRI. I, and hee will be angry too, when his list, that's more; and when hee is angry, be it right or wrong; hee has the Law on's side, ever. I marke that too.

Ivs. I will be more tender hereafter. I fee compassion may become a *Inſtice*, though it be a weaknesse, I confesse; and neuer a vice, then a *virtue*.

HAG. Well, take him out o' the stocks againe, wee'll goe a ſure way to worke, wee'll ha' the Ace of hearts of our ſide, if we can.

Poc. Come, bring him away to his ſellow, there. Master *Busy*, we ſhall rule your legges, I hope, though wee cannot rule your tongue.

Bvs. No, Minister of darkenesse, no, thou canſt not rule my tongue, my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both knocke, and mocke downe your *Bartholmew*-abhominations, till you be made a hisſing to the neighbour Parishes, round about.

HAG. Let him alone, we haue deuis'd better vpon't.

PVR. And ſhall he not into the stocks then?

BRI. No, Miftreſſe, wee'll haue 'hem both to *Inſtice Ouerdoe*, and let him doe ouer 'hem as is fitting. Then I, and my goſſip *Haggis*, and my beadle *Pocher* are diſcharg'd.

PVR. O, I thanke you, blessed, honest men!

BRI. Nay, neuer thank vs, but thank this mad-man that comes houſe, hee put it in our heads.

PVR. Is hee mad? Now *heauen* increase his madnesse, and blesſe it, and thanke it, Sir, your poore hand-maide thanks you.

TRO. Haue you a warrant? an' you haue a warrant, ſhew it.

PVR. Yes, I haue a warrant out of the word, to giue thankes for removing any ſcorne intended to the brethren.

TRO. It is *Inſtice Ouerdoe*'s warrant, that I looke for, if you haue not that, keepe your word, I'le keepe mine. Quit yee, and multiply yee.

They take
the Inſtice
out.

comes a-
gainſ.

ACT.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. II.

EDGVVORTH. TROUBLE-ALL:
NIGHTINGALE. COKE. COS-
TARDMONGER.

COME away *Nightingale*, I pray thee.

TRO. Whither goe you? where's your warrant?

EDG. Warrant, for what, Sir?

TRO. For what you goe about, you know how fit it is, an' you have no warrant, blesse you, I'le pray for you, that's all I can do.

Goes on.

EDG. What meanes hee?

NIG. A mad-ma that haunts the *Fayre*, doe you not know him? it's maruell hee has not more followers, after his ragged heeles.

EDG. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had knowne of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing! ha' you prepar'd the Costard-monger?

NIG. Yes, and agreed for his basket of peares; hee is at the corner here, ready. And your Prie, he comes downe, sailing, that way, all alone; without his Protector: hee is rid of him, it seemes.

EDG. I, I know; I should ha' follow'd his Protector-ship for afeat I am to doe vpon him: But this offer'd it selfe, so'the way, I could not let it scape: heere he comes, whistle, be this sport call'd *Dorrige the Dostrell*.

NIG. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c.

COKE. By this light, I cannot finde my ginget-bread-Wife, nor my Hobby-horse-man in all the *Fayre*, now; to ha' my money againe. And I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more, doe you heare, friend, you that whistle; what tune is that, you whistle?

NIG. A new tune, I am practising, Sir.

COKE. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? may, on with thy tune, I ha' no such hast, for an answer: I'le practise with thee.

COS. Buy any peares, very fine peares, peares fine,

COKE. Gods so! a musse, a musse, a musse, a musset.

COS. Good Gentleman, my ware, my ware, I am a poore man. Good Sir, my ware.

Nightingale whistles

Nightingale sets his foote afore him, and be falle with his basket.

Cokes falls
a scrabling
whilst they
runne away
with his
things.

Herrynsone.

He comes a-
gain.

throws away
his peares.

Trouble-all
comes again.

NIG. Let me hold your sword, Sir, it troubles you.

COK. Doe, and my cloake, an' thou wilt; and my hat, too.

EDG. A delicate great boy! me thinks, he out-scrambles 'em all. I cannot perswade my selfe, but he goes to grammer-schole yet; and playes the trewant, to day.

NIG. Would he had another purse to cut, Zekiel.

EDG. Purse? a man might cut out his kidneys, I thinke; and he never feele 'hem, he is so earnest at the sport.

NIG. His soule is halfe way out on's body, at the game.

EDG. Away, Nighbingale: that way.

COK. I thinke I am furnisht for Catherne peares, for one vnder-meale: gi' me my cloake.

COS. Good Gentleman, giue me' my ware.

COK. Where's the fellow, I ga' my cloake to? my cloake? and my hat? ha! Gods'lid, is he gone? thieues, thieues, helpe me to cry, Gentlemen.

EDG. Away, Coftermonger, come to vs to *Yrsla's*. Talke of him to haue a soule? heart, if hee haue any more then a thing giuen him in stead of salt, onely to keepe him from stinking, I'le be hang'd afore my time, presently, where should it be trow? in his blood; hee has not so much to'ard it in his whole body, as will maintaine a good Flea; And if hee take this course, he will nor ha' so much land left, as to teare a Calfe within this twelue month. Was there euer greene Plover so pull'd! That his little Ouerfeer had beene heere now, and beene but tall enough, to see him steale peares, in exchange, for his beauer-hat, and his cloake thus? I must goe finde him out, next, for his blacke boxe, and his Patent (it feemes) hee has of his place; which I thinke the Gentleman would haue a reuersion of; that spoke to me for it so earnestly.

COK. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose, too; as I am an honest man, and never stirre, if I thinke there be any thing, but thieving, and cooz'ning, i'this whole *Fayre*. *Bartholmew Fayre*, quoth he; an' euer any *Bartholmew* had that lucke in't, that I haue had, I'le be martyr'd for him, and in *Smithfield*, too. I ha' paid for my peares, ~~and~~ on 'em, I'le keepe 'hem no longer; you were choake-peares to mee; I had bin better ha' gone to mun chance for you, I wusse. Me thinks the *Fayre* should not haue vs'd me thus, and i'were but for my names sake, I would not ha' vs'd a dog o'the name, so. O, *Numps* will triumph, now! Friend, doe you know who I am? or where I lye? I doe not my selfe, I'll be sworne. Doe but carry me home; and I'le please thee, I ha' money enough there, I ha' lost my selfe, and my cloake and my hat; and my fine sword, and my sister, and *Numps*, and Mistris *Grace*, (a Gentlewoman that I should ha' marryed) and a out-worke handkercher, shee ga' mee, and two purses to day. And my bargaine o' Hobby-horses and Ginger-bread, which grieues me worst of all.

TRO. By whose warrant, Sir, haue you done all this?

COK.

COK. Warrant? thou art a wise fellow, indeed, as if a man need a warrant to lose any thing, with.

TRO. Yes, Iustice *Ouerdo*'s warrant, a man may get, and lose with, I le stand to't.

COK. Iustice *Ouerdo*? Dost thou know him? I lye there, hee is my brother in Law, hee marryed my sister: pray thee shew me the way, dost thou know the house?

TRO. Sir, shew mee your warrant, I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

COK. Why, I warrant thee, come along: thou shalt see, I haue wrought pillowes there, and cambricke sheetes, and sweete bags, too. Pray thee guide me to the house.

TRO. Sir, I le tell you; goe you thither your selfe, first, alone; tell your worshipfull brother your minde; and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his Clerkes, with *Adam Ouerdo*, vnderneath; here I le stay you, I le obey you, and I le guide you presently.

COK. S'lid, this is an Asse, I ha' found him, poxe vpon mee, what doe I talking to such a dull foole; farewell, you are a very Coxcomb, doe you heare?

TRO. I thinke, I am, if Iustice *Ouerdo* signe to it, I am, and so wee are all, hee'll quit vs all, multiply vs all.

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

GRACE. QVARLOVS. VVIN-WIFE. TROUBLE-ALL. EDGVVORTH.

Gentlemen, this is no way that you take: you do but breed one another trouble, and offence, and give me no contentment at all. I am no she, that affects to be quarell'd for, or haue my name or fortune made the question of mens swords.

QVA. S'lodd, wee loue you.

GRA. If you both loue mee, as you pretend, your owne reason will tell you, but one can enjoy me; and to that point, there leads a directer line, then by my infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I haue profest it to you ingenuously, that rather then to be yoak'd with this Bridegroome is appointed me, I would take vp any husband, almost vpon any trust. Though Subtilty would say to me, (I know) hee is a foole, and has an estate, and I might gouerne him, and enjoy a friend, beside. But these are not my aymes, I must haue a husband I must loue, or I cannot liue with him. I shall ill make one of these politiques wiues!

They enter
with their
swords
drawne.

VIN-W.

WIN-W. Why, if you can like either of vs, Lady, say, which is he, and the other shall sweare instantly to desist.

QVA. Content, I accord to that willingly.

GRA. Sure you thinke me a woman of an extreme leuity, Gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a place, as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deseruing afore the other, of me) I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

QVA. Why, wherefore should you not? What should hinder you?

GRA. If you would not give it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit; give me so much of woman, and cunning, as not to betray my selfe impertinently. How can I iudge of you, so farre as to a choyse, without knowing you more? you are both equall, and alike to mee, yet: and so indifferently affected by mee, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable creatures, you haue vnderstanding, and discourse. And if fate send me an vnderstanding husband, I haue no feare at all, but mine owne manners shall make him a good one.

QVAR. Would I were put forth to making for you, then.

GRA. It may be you are, you know not what's toward you: will you consent to a motion of mine, Gentlemen?

WINW. What euer it be, we'll presume reasonableness, coming from you.

QVAR. And fitnessse, too.

GRA. I saw one of you buy a paire of tables, e'en now.

WIN-W. Yes, heere they be, and maiden ones too, vnwritten in.

GRA. The fitter for what they may be employed in. You shall write either of you, heere, a word, or a name, what you like best; but of two, or three syllables at most: and the next person that comes this way (because *Destiny* has a high hand in busynesse of this nature) I'le demand, which of the two words, he, or she doth approue; and according to that sentence, fixe my resolution, and affection, without change.

QVAR. Agreed, my word is conceiued already.

WIN-W. And mine shall not be long creating after.

GRA. But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be curious to know, which of you it is, taken; but give me leaue to conceale that till you haue brought me, either home, or where I may safely tender my selfe.

WIN-W. Why that's but equall.

QVAR. Wee are pleas'd.

GRA. Because I will bind both your indeauours to work together, friendly, and ioyntly, each to the others fortune, and haue my selfe fitted with some meanes, to make him that is forsaken, a part of amends.

QVAR.

QVAR. These conditions are very curteous. Well my word is out of the *Arcadia*, then: *Argalus*.

WIN-W. And mine out of the play, *Palamon*.

TRO. Haue you any warrant for this, Gentlemen?

QVAR. WIN-W. Ha!

TRO. There must be a warrant had, beleue it.

WIN-W. For what?

TRO. Fot whatsoeuer it is, any thing indeede, no matter what.

QVA. S'light, here's a fine ragged Prophet, dropt downe 't the nicke!

TRO. Heauen quit you, Gentlemen.

QVA. Nay, stay a little, good Lady, put him to the question.

GRA. You are content, then?

WIN-W. QVAR. Yes yes.

GRA. Sir, heere are two names written—

TRO. Is *Iudice Ouerdoo*, one?

GRA. How, Sir? I pray you read 'hem to your selfe, it is for a wager betweene these Gentlemen, and with a stroake or any difference, marke which you approue best.

TRO. They may be both worshipfull names for ought I know, Mistresse, but *Adam Ouerdoo* had beeke worth three of them, I assure you, in this place, that's in plaine englisch.

GRA. This man amazes mee! I pray you, like one of 'hem, Sir.

TRO. I doe like him there, that has the best warrant, Mistresse, to saue your longing, and (multiply him) It may be this. But I am I still for *Iustice Ouerdoo*, that's my conscience. And quit you.

WIN-W. Is't done, Lady?

GRA. I, and strangely, as euer I saw! What fellow is this crow?

QVA. No matter what, a Fortune-teller wee ha' made him. Which is't, which is't.

GRA. Nay, did you not promise, not to enquire?

QVA. S'lid, I forgot that, pray you pardon mee. Looke, here's our *Mercury* come: The Licence arrives i'the finest time, too! 'tis but scraping out *Cokes* his name, and 'tis done.

WIN-W. How now lime-twig? hast thou touch'd.

EDG. Not yet, Sir, except you would goe with mee, and see't, it's not worth speaking on. The act is nothing, without a witnessse. Yonder he is, your man with the boxe falde into the finest company, and so transported with vapours, they ha' got in a Northren Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a Westerne man, that's come to wrastle before my Lord *Maior*, anone, and Captaine *Whit*, and one *Val Cutting*, that helps Captaine *Jordan* to roare, a circling boy, with whom your *Numps*, is so taken, that you may strip him of his cloathes, if you will. I le vndertake to geld him for you; if you had but a Surgeon, ready, to seare him. And Mistresse *Iustice*,

Trouble-all
comes again.

there, is the goodest woman ! shee do's so loue 'hem all ouer, in termes of Justice, and the ſtyle of authority, with her hood upright—that I beſeech you come away Gentlemen, and ſee't.

QVAR. Slight, I would not lose it for the *Fayre*, what'll you doe, Ned?

WIN-W. Why, ſtay heere about for you, Miftrefle *Welborne* muſt not be ſene.

QVA. Doe ſo, and find out a Priēſt i' the meane time, I'le bring the License. Lead, which way i'st ?

EDG. Here, Sir, you are o'the backeſide o'the Booth already, you may heare the noife.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. IV.

KNOCKHVM. NORDERN. PUPPY. CUTTING. WHIT. EDGVVORTH. QVARLOVS. OVERDOO. WASPE. BRISTLE.

VV^Hit, bid *Vall Cutting* continue the vapours for a lift, *Whit*, for a lift.

NOR. I'le ne mare, I'le ne mare, the eale's too meeghty.

KNO. How now ! my *Galloway Nag*, the ſtagoggs ? ha ! *Whit*, gi' him a ſlit i' the fore-head. Cheare vp, man, a needle, and threed to ſtitch his eares. I'ld cure him now an' I had it, with a little butter, and garlike, long-pepper, and graines. Where's my horne ? I'le gi' him a marsh, preſently, ſhall take away this dizzineſſe.

PUP. Why, where are you zurs ? doe you vlinch, and leaue vs i' the zuds, now ?

NOR. I'le ne mare, I'is e'en as vull as a Paipers bag, by my froth, I.

PUP. Doe my Northerne cloth zhrinke i' the wetting ? ha ?

KNO. Why, well ſaid, old Flea-bitten, thou'l neuer tyre, I ſee.

CVT. No, Sir, but he may tire, iſ it please him.

WHI. Who told dee ſho ? that he vuld neuer teer, man ?

CVT. No matter who told him ſo, ſo long as he knowes.

KNO. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

EDG. They are at it ſtil, Sir, this they call vapours,

WHI. He ſhall not pardon dee, Captaine, dou ſhall not be par-don'd. Pre'de ſhweete heart doe not pardoia him.

CVT. Slight, I'le pardon him, an' I lift, whosoeuer ſaies nay to't.

QVA.

*They fall to
the vapours, a-
gaine.*

QVAR. Where's Numps? I misse him.

WAS. Why, I say nay to't.

QVAR. O there he is!

KNO. To what doe you say nay, Sir?

WAS. To any thing, whatsoeuer it is, so long as I do not like it.

WHI. Pardon mee, little man, dou musht like it a little.

CVT. No, hee must not like it at all, Sir, there you are i'the wrong.

WHI. I tinke I be, he musht not like it, indeede.

CVT. Nay, then he both must, and will like it, Sir, for all you.

KNO. If he haue reason, he may like it, Sir.

WHI. By no meansh Captaine, vpon reason, he may like nothing vpon reason.

WAS. I haue no reason, nor I will heare of no reason, nor I will looke for no reason, and he is an Ass, that either knowes any, or lookest for't from me.

CVT. Yes, in some sense you may haue reason, Sir.

WAS. I, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

WHI. Pardon mee, thou ought to grant him nothing, in no shenish, if dou doe loue dy shelife, angry man.

WAS. Why then, I doe grant him nothing; and I haue no sense.

CVT. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.

WAS. S'lid, but I haue sense, now I thinke on't better, and I will grant him any thing, doe you see?

KNO. He is i'the right, and do's vtter a sufficient vapour.

CVT. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour, neither, I deny that.

KNO. Then it is a sweet vapour.

CVT. It may be a sweet vapour.

WAS. Nay, it is no sweet vapour, neither, Sir, it stinkes, and I'le stand to't.

WHI. Yes, I tinke it doth stink, Captaine. All vapour doth stink.

WAS. Nay, then it do's not stink, Sir, and it shall not stink.

CVT. By your leaue, it may, Sir.

WAS. I, by my leaue, it may stink, I know that.

WHI. Pardon mee, thou knowest nothing, it cannot by thy leaue, angry man.

WAS. How can it not?

KNO. Nay, neuer question him, for he is i'the right.

WHI. Yesh, I am i'de right, I confess it, so ish de little man too.

WAS. I'le haue nothing confess, that concernes mee. I am not i'the right, nor neuer was i'the right, nor neuer will be i'the right, while I am in my right minde,

CVT. Minde? why, heere's no man mindes you, Sir, nor any thing else.

Here they
continue
their game
of vapours,
which is non
sense. Every
man to op-
pose the last
man that
spoke: whe-
ther it con-
cern'd him,
or no.

They drinke
again.

PVP. Vreind, will you mind this that wee doe ?

QVA. Call you this vapours ? this is such belching of quarrell, as I never heard. Will you minde your businesse, Sir ?

EDG. You shall see, Sir.

NOR. I'le ne maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this aready.

TDG. Will you take that, Master *Wasp*, that no body should minde you ?

WAS. Why ? what ha' you to doe ? is't any matter to you ?

EDG. No, but me thinks you should not be vnniuded, though,

WAS. Nor, I wu'not be, now I thinke on't, doe you heare, new acquaintance, do's no man mind me, say you ?

CVT. Yes, Sir, every man heere mindes you, but how ?

WAS. Nay, I care as little how, as you doe, that was not my question.

WHI. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i'faith la, tou shalt speake for mee, and I vill fight for thee.

KNO. Fight for him, *Whit* ? A grosse vapour, hee can fight for himselfe.

WAS. It may be I can, but it may be, I wu' not, how then ?

CVT. Why, then you may chuse.

WAS. Why, and I'le chuse whether I'le chuse or no.

KNO. I thinke you may, and 'tis true ; and I allow it for a resolute vapour.

WAS. Nay, then, I doe thinke you doe not thinke, and it is no resolute vapour.

CVT. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

KNO. In no sort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

WAS. He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no sort.

WHI. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake..

WAS. A turd i'your teeth, never pre dee mee, for I will have nothing mistaken.

KNO. Turd, ha turd ? a noysome vapour, strike *Whit*.

OVE. Why, Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I charge you vpon my authority, conserue the peace. In the Kings name, and my Husbands, put vp your weapons, I shall be driven to commit you my selfe, else.

QVA. Ha, ha, ha.

WAS. Why doe you laugh, Sir ?

QVA. Sir, you'll allow mee my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

CVT. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, Sir.

KNO. Nay in some sort, Sir, hee may neither laugh, nor hope, in this company.

They fall by
the ears.

WAS.

WAS. Yes, then he may both laugh, and hope in any sort, an't please him.

QVA. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please mee exceedingly.

WAS. No exceeding neither, Sir.

KNO. No, that vapour is too lofty.

QVA. Gentlemen, I doe not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but—

CVT. Doe you heare, Sir? I would speake with you in circle?

QVA. In circle, Sir? what would you with me in circle?

CVT. Can you lend me a Piece, a Jacobus? in circle?

QVA. S'lid, your circle will proue more costly then your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

CVT. Your beard's not well turn'd vp, Sir.

QVA. How Rascall! are you playing with my beard? I'le breake circle with you.

PVP. NOR. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

KNO. Gather vp, Whit, gather vp, Whit, good vapours.

OVE. What meane you? are you Rebels? Gentlemen? shall I send out a Sericant at Armes, or a Writ o'Rebellion, against you? I'le commit you vpon my woman-hood, for a Riot, vpon my Iustice-hood, if you persist.

WAS. Vpon your Iustice-hood? Mary shite o'your hood, you'll commit? Spoke like a true Iustice of peace's wife, indeed, and a fine female Lawyer! turd i'your teeth for a fee, now.

OVER. Why, Numps, in Master Ouerdoo's name, I charge you.

WAS. Good Mistresse Vnderdoe hold your tongne.

OVER. Alas! poore Numps.

WAS. Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poore Numps, goody Rich? am I come to be pittied by your tuft raffata now? why Mistresse, I knew Adam, the Clerke, your husband, when he was Adam Scriuener, and writ for two pence a sheet, as high as he beares his head now, or you your hood, Dame. What are you, Sir?

BRI. Wee be men, and no Infidells; what is the matter, here, and the noyses? can you tell?

WAS. Heart, what ha' you to doe? cannot a man quarrell in quietnesse? but hee must be put out on't by you? what are you?

BRI. Why, wee be his Maiesties Watch, Sir.

WAS. Watch? S'blood, you are a sweet watch, indeede. A body would thinke, and you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleepe at this tinck a day. Get you to your fleas, and your flocke-beds, you Rogues, your kennells, and lye downe close.

BRI. Downe? yes, we will downe, I warrant you, downe with him in his Maiesties name, downe, downe with him, and carry him away, to the pigeon-holes.

He drawes
a circle on
the ground.

They draw
all, and fight.

The watch
comes in.

OVB. I thanke you honest friends, in the behalfe o'the Crowne, and the peace, and in Master *Ouerdoo's* name, for suppreſſing enormities.

WHI. Stay, *Bristle*, heere iſh a noder brash o'drunkards, but very quiet, ſpeciall drunkards, will pay dee, fife ſhillings very well. Take 'hem to dee, in de graiſh o' Gd: one of hem do's change cloth, for Ale in the *Fayre*, here, te toder iſh a ſtrong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayors man, and a wraſtler. Hee has wraſtled ſo long with the bottle, heere, that the man with the beard, haſh almoſt ſtrecce vp biſh heelſh.

BRI. S'lid, the Clerke o'the Market, has beene to cry him all the *Fayre* ouer, here, for my Lords ſervice.

WHI. Tere he iſh, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty beſt on him. How now woman o' ſhiſk, vat a iſh ty ſhweet faiſh? art thou melancholy?

OVE. A little diſtemper'd with theſe enormities; ſhall I in- treat a curteſie of you, Captaine?

WHI. In- treat a hundred, velvet woman, I viſt doe it, ſhpeake out.

OVE. I cannot with moideſty ſpeak it out, but—

WHI. I viſt doe it, and more, and more, for dec. What *Vrſla*, and't be bitch, and't be baud and't be!

VRS. How now Rafeall? what roare you for? old Pimpe.

WHI. Heere, put vp de cloakes *Vrſh*; de purchase, pre dee now, ſhweet *Vrſh*, help dis good braue woman, to a *Jordan*, and't be.

VRS. S'lid call your Captaine *Jordan* to her, can you not?

WHI. Nay, pre dee leauē dy conſheits, and bring the velvet woman to de—

VRS. I bring her, hang her: heart muſt I find a common pot for euerie queſue i'your purlews?

WHI. O good voordſh, *Vrſh*, it iſh a queſt o'veluet, i'ſait la.

VRS. Let her ſell her hood, and buy a ſpunge, with a poxe to her, my vefſell, employed Sir. I haue but one, and 'tis the bottome of an old bottle. An honest Proctor, and his wife, are at it, within, iſh ſhee'll ſtay her time, ſo.

WHI. As ſoone aſh you canſt ſhweat *Vrſh*. Of a valiant man I tinke I am the patienth man i'the world, or in all *Smithfield*.

KNO. How now *whit*? close vapours, ſtealing your leaps? couering in corners, ha?

WHI. No fair, Captaine, dough you beſh a viſh man, dy vit iſ a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a ſhmall courteſie, for a woman of fashion here.

OVE. Yes, Captaine, though I am Iuſtice of peace's wife, I doe loue Men of warre, and the Sonnes of the ſword, when they come before my husband.

KNO. Say'ſt thou ſo Filly? thou ſhalt haue a leape preſently, I'le horſe thee my ſelfe, else.

VRS.

VRS. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her talke her turne?

WHI. Gramercy good Vrsh, I tanke dee.

OVER. Master ouerdoe shall thanke her.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. V.

JOHN. WIN. VRS LA. KNOCKHV M.

WHIT. OVERDOO. ALES.

Good Ga'mere Vrs; Win, and I, are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captaine Jordan, and Captaine Whit. Win, I'le be bold to leaue you, i'this good company, Win: for halfe an houre, or so Win, while I goe, and see how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect: and then I'le come & fetch you, Win.

WIN. Will you leaue me alone with two men, John?

IOH. I, they are honest Gentlemen Win, Captaine Jordan, and Captaine Whit; they'll vse you very ciuilly, Win, God b'w you, Win.

VRS. What's her husband gone?

KNO. On his talse, gallop, Vrs, away.

VRS. An' you be right Bartholmew-birds, now shew your felutes so: we are vndone for want of fowle i'the Fayre, here. Here will be Zekiel Edgworth, and three or foure gallants, with him at night, and I ha' neither Plouer nor Quaile for 'hem: perswade this betweene you two, to become a Bird o'the game, while I worke the velvet woman, within, (as you call her.)

KNO. I conceiue thee, Vrs! goe thy waies, doest thou heare, Whit? is't not pitty, my delicate darke chestnut here, with the fine leane head, large fore-head, round eyes, even mouth, sharpe eares, long necke, thinne crest, close withers, plaine backe, deepe tides, short fillets, and full flankes: with a round belly, a plumpe buttocke, large thighes, knit knees, streight legges, short pasternes, smooth hoofes, and short heeles; should lead a dull honest womans life, that might live the life of a Lady?

WHI. Yes, by my fait, and trót, it is, Captaine: de honest womans life is a scuruy dull life, indeed, la.

WIN. How, Sir? is an honest womans life a scuruy life?

WHI. Yes fait, shweet heart, beleeue him, de leefe o' a Bond-woman! but if dou vilt barkan to me, I vill make thee a free-woman, and a Lady: dou shalt live like a Lady, as te Captaine saish.

KNO. I, and be honest too sometimes: han her wiers, and her

her tires, her greene gownes, and veluet petticoates.

WHI. I, and ride to *Ware* and *Rumford* i'dy Coash, sheede
Players, be in loue vit 'hem; sup vit gallantsh, be drunke, and
cost de noting.

KNO. Braue vapours!

WHI. And lye by twenty on'hem, if dou please shweet heart.

WIN. What, and be honest still, that were fine sport.

WHI. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may st doe it by my
hand: it shall be iustified to ty husbands faish, now: tou shalt be as
honesth as the skinne betweene his hornsh, la!

KNO. Yes, and weare a dressing, top, and top-gallant, to com-
pare with ere a husband on 'hem all, for a fore-top: it is the va-
pour of spirit in the wife, to cuckold, now adaiers; as it is the va-
pour of fashion, in the husband, not to suspect. Your prying cat-
eyed-citizen, is an abominable vapour.

WIN. Lord, what a foole haue I beene!

WHI. Mend then, and doe every ting like a Lady, heereafter,
neuer know ty husband, from another man.

KNO. Nor any one man from another, but i'the darke.

WHI. I, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any man.

VRS. Helpe, helpe here.

KNO. How now? what vapour's there?

VRS. O, you are a sweet *Ranger*! and looke well to your walks.
Yonder is your *Punque* of *Turnbull*, Ramping *Ales*, has falne v-
pon the poore Gentlewoman within, and pull'd her hood ouer her
cares, and her hayre through it.

OVE. Helpe, helpe, i'the Kings name.

ALE. A mischiefe on you, they are such as you are, that vndoe
vs, and take our trade from vs, with your tuft-taffata hanches.

KNO. How now *Alice*!

ALE. The poore common whores can ha' no traffique, for the
priuy rich ones; your caps and hoods of veluet, call away our cu-
stomers, and lick the fat from vs.

VRS. Peace you foulc ramping Iade, you—

ALE. Od's foote, you Bawd in greace, are you talking?

KNO. VVhy, *Alice*, I say.

ALE. Thou Sow of *Smithfield*, thou.

VRS. Thou tripe of *Turnebull*.

KNO. Cat-a-mountaine-vapours! ha!

VRS. You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd, and
slash'd you were in *Bridewell*.

ALE. I, by the same token, you rid that weeke, and broake out
the bottome o'the Cart, Night-tub.

KNO. VVhy, Lyonface! ha! doe you know who I am? shall
I teare ruffe, slit-wastcoat, make ragges of petticoat? ha! goe to,
vanish, for feare of vapours. *Whit*, a kick, *Whit*, in the parting va-
pour. Come braue woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a La-
dy, too.

VVHI.

Alice en-
ters, beating
the Inſitice's
wife.

WHI. Yes fait, dey shal all both be Ladies, and write Madame. I vill do't my selfe for dem. *Doe*, is the vord, and D is the middle letter of *Madame*, *DD*, put 'hem together, and make deeds, without which, all words are alike, la.

KNO. 'Tis true, *Vrſla*, take 'hem in, open thy wardrobe, and fit 'hem to their calling. Greene-gownes, Crimson-petticoats, green women! my Lord Maiors green women! guests o'the Game, true bred. I'le prouide you a Coach, to take the ayre, in.

VVIN. But doe you thinke you can get one?

KNO. O, they are as common as wheelebarrowes, where there are great dunghills. Euery Pettifoggers wife, has 'hem, for first he buyes a Coach, that he may marry, and then hee marries that hee may be made Cuckold in t: For if their wiues ride not to their Cuckolding, they doe 'hem no credit. Hide, and be hidden; ride, and be ridden, sayes the vapour of experience.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. VI.

TROBLE-ALL. KNOCKHV M. VVHIT.

QVARLOVS. EDGVVORTH. BRISTLE.

WASPE. HAGGISE. IVSTICE.

BVSY. PVRE-CRAFT.

BY what warrant do's it say so?

KNO. Ha! mad child o'the Pye-paoldres, art thou there? fill vs a fresh kan, *Vrſ*, wee may drinke together.

TRO. I may not drinke without a warrant, Captaine.

KNO. S'lood, thou'll not stale without a warant, shortly. *Whit*, Giue mee pen, inke and paper. I'l draw him a warrant present-
ly.

TRO. It must be *Justice Ouerdoe's*?

KNO. I know, man, Fetch the drinke, *Whit*.

VVHI. I pre dee now, be very briefe, Captaine; for de new Ladies stay for dee.

KNO. O, as briefe as can be, here 'tis already. *Adam Ouerdoe*.

TRO. VVhy, now, I'le pledge you, Captaine.

KNO. Drinke it off. I'll come to thee, anone, againe.

QVA. Well, Sir. You are now discharg'd: beware of being spi'd, hereafter.

EDG. Sir, will it please you, enter in here, at *Vrſla's*; and take

K

part

Quarrous
to the Cus-
purse.

part of a silken gowne, a velvet petticoate, or a wrought smocke; I am promis'd such: and I can spare any Gentleman a moity.

QVA. Keepe it for your companions in beastlinessse, I am none of hem, Sir. If I had not already forgiuen you a greater trespassse, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your maners, to whom you made your offers. But goe your wayes, talke not to me, the hangman is onely fit to discourse with you; the hand of Beadle is too mercifull a punishment for your Trade of life. I am sorry I employ'd this fellow; for he thinks me such: *Facinus quos inquinat, aquat.* But, it was for sport. And would I make it serious, the getting of this Licence is nothing to me, without other circumstances concurre. I do thinke how impertinently I labour, if the word bee not mine, that the ragged fellow mark'd: And what aduantage I haue giuen Ned Win-wife in this time now, of working her, though it be mine. Hee'll go neare to forme to her what a debauch'd Rascall I am, and fright her out of all good concept of me: I should doe so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper, yet; and it must needs bee next to despaire, that is grounded on any part of a womans discretion. I woul'd giue by my troth, now, all I could spare (to my cloathes, and my sword) to meete my tatter'd sooth-sayer againe, who was my judge i' the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or sau'd. For, till then, I liue but vnder a Repriuise. I must seeke him. Who be these?

Ent. Waspe
with the offi-
cers.

WAS, Sir, you are a welsh Cuckold, and a prating Runt, and no Constable.

BRI. You say very well. Come put in his legge in the middle roundell, and let him hole there.

WAS. You stinke of leeks, *Metheglyn*, and cheese. You Rogue.

BRI. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the meane time? if you haue a minde to stinke too, your breeches sit close enough to your bumm. Sit you merry, Sir.

QVA. How now, *Numps*?

WAS. It is no matter, how; pray you looke off.

QVA. Nay I'll not offend you, *Numps*. I thought you had sate there to be seen.

WAS. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your busynesse, an' you haue any.

QVA. Cry you mercy, *Numps*. Do's your leg lie high enough?

BRI. How now, neighbour *Haggis*, what sayes *Justice Ouerdo's* worship, to the other offendours?

HAG. Why, hee sayes iust nothing, what should hee say? Or where should he say? He is not to be found, Man. He ha' not been seen i' the *Fayre*, here, all this liue-long day, neuer since seuen a clocke i' the morning. His Clearks know not what to thinke on't. There is no Court of *Pie-poulders* yet. Heere they be return'd.

BRI. What shall be done with 'hem, then? in your discretion?

HAG.

HAG. I thinke wee were best put hem in the stocks, in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an houre, or such a thing, till his worship come.

BRI. It is but a hole matter, if wee doe, Neighbour Haggise, come, Sir, heere is company for you, heauie vp the stocks.

WAS. I shall put a tricke vpon your welsh diligence, perhaps.

BRI. Put in your legge, Sir.

QVA. What, Rabby Busy! is hee come?

BVS. I doe obey thee, the Lyon may roare, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land, and put a part in the stocks, for the holy cause.

WAS. What are you, Sir?

BVS. One that reioyceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesie, the destruction of Fayres and May-games, Wakes, and Whistson-ales, and doth sigh and groane for the reformation, of these abuses.

WAS. And doe you sigh, and groane too, or reioyce in your affliction?

IVS. I doe not feele it, I doe not thinke of it, it is a thing without mee. Adam, thou art aboue these battries, these contumelies. *In te manca ruist fortuna*, as thy friend Horace saies; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore as another friend of thine saies, (I thinke it be thy friend Persius) *Nonte quas invenis extra*.

QVA. What's heere! a Stoick i' the stocks? the Foole is turn'd Philosopher.

BVS. Friend, I will leaue to communicate my spirit with you, if I heare any more of those superstitious reliques, those lists of Latin, the very rags of Rome, and patches of Paperie.

WAS. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leaue you. I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: looke you, a deuice, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God b'w'you.

BVS. Wilt thou then leaue thy brethren in tribulation?

WAS. For this once, Sir.

BVS. Thou art a halting *Neutral* stay him there, stop him: that will not endure the heat of persecution.

BRI. How now, what's the matter?

BVS. Hee is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

BRI. What, has he made an escape, which way? follow, neighbour Haggise.

PVR. O me! in the stocks! haue the wicked prevail'd?

BVS. Peace religious sister, it is my calling, comfort your selfe, an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my furer standing, hereafter.

TRO. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this?

QVA. O, here's my man! dropt in, I look'd for.

*As they open
the stocks,
Waspe puts
his foote on
his hand, and
slips it in for
his legge.*

*They bring
Busy, and
put him in.*

Hegon out.

*The mad-
man enters.*

Ivs. Ha !

PVR. O good Sir, they haue set the faithfull, here to be wonder'd at ; and prouided holes, for the holy of the land.

TRO. Had they warrant for it ? shew'd they *Justicce Ouerdoe's* hand ? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

BRI. Sure you did not locke the stocks sufficiently, neighbour *Toby* !

HAG. No ! see if you can lock 'hem better.

BRI. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truely, yet some thing is in the mater.

TRO. True, your warrant is the matter that is in question, by what warrant ?

BRI. Mad man, hold your peace, I will put you in his reome else, in the very same hole, doe you see ?

QVA. How ! is hee a mad-man !

TRO. Shew me *Justicce Ouerdoe's* warrant. I obey you.

HAG. You are a mad foole, hold your tongue.

TRO. In *Justicce Ouerdoe's* name, I drinke to you, and here's my warrant.

Ivs. Alas poore wretch ! how it earnes my heart for him !

QVA. If hee be mad, it is in vaine to question him. I'le try though friend : there was a Gentlewoman, shew'd you two names, some houre since, *Argalus* and *Palamon*, to marke in a booke, which of 'hem was it you mark'd ?

TRO. I marke no name, but *Adam Ouerdoe*, that is the name of names, hee onely is the sufficient Magistrate ; and that name I reverence, shew it mee.

QVA. This fellowes madde indeede : I am further off, now, then afore.

Ivs. I shall not breath in peace, till I haue made him some amends.

QVA. Well, I will make another vse of him, is come in my head : I haue a nest of beards in my Truncke, one some thing like his.

BRI. This mad foole has made mee that I know not whether I haue lock'd the stocks or no, I thinke I lock'd 'hem.

TRO. Take *Adam Ouerdoe* in your minde, and feare nothing.

BRI. S'lid, madnesse it selfe, hold thy peace, and take that.

TRO. Strikest thou without a warrant ? take thou that.

Bvs. Wee are deliuered by miracle ; fellow in fetters, let vs not refuse the meanes, this madnesse was of the spirit : The malice of the enemy hath mock'd it selfe.

PVR. Mad doe they call him ! the world is mad in error, but hee is mad in truth : I loue him o'the sudden, (the cunning man sayd all true) and shall loue him more, and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth ! O, that I might be his yoake-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should wee draw to mad-

*Shewes his
Name.*

*The watch-
men come
back againe.
The mad-
man fightes
with 'hem,
and they
leave open
the stocks.*

madnesse in truth, with vs!

BRI. How now! all scap'd? where's the *woman*? it is witchcraft! Her velvet hat is a witch, o' my conscience, or my key! t'one. The mad-man was a Diuell, and I am an Asse; so blesse me, my place, and mine office.

The watch
missing them
are affrighted.



ACT. V. SCENE. I.

LANTHORNE. FILCHER. SHARKVEL.



ELL, Lucke and Saint Bartholmew; out with the signe of our inuention, in the name of *Wit*, and do you beat the Drum, the while; All the fowle i'the Fayre, I meane, all the dirt in *Smithfield*, (that's one of Master Littlewit's *Carwhitches* now) will be throwne at our Banner to day, if the matter do's not please the people. O the *Motions*, that I *Lanthorne Leatherhead* haue giuen light to, i' my time, since my Master *Poddyed*! *Jerusalem* was a stately thing; and so was *Niniue*, and the citty of *Norwich*, and *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*; with the rising o'the prentises; and pulling downe the bawdy houses there, vpon *Shroune-Tuesday*; but the *Gunpowder-plot*, there was a get-penny! I haue presented that to an eighteene, or twenty pence audience, nine times in an afternoone. Your home-borne projects proue ever the best, they are so easie, and familiar, they put too much learning i'their things now o'dayes: and that I feare will be the spoile o'this. *Little-wit*? I say, *Mickle-wit*! if not too mickle! looke to your gathering there, good man *Filcher*.

FIL. I warrant you, Sir.

LAN. And there come any Gentlefolks, take two pence a piece, *Sharkwell*.

SHA. I warrant you, Sir, three pence, an'we can.

Pod was a
Master of
motions be-
fore him.

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

IV STICE. VVIN-WIFE. GRACE. QVAR-
LOVS. PVRE-CRAFT.

*The Justice
comes in like
a Porter.*

This later disguise, I haue borrow'd of a Porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends; which how euer interrupted, were neuer destroyed in me: neither is the houre of my seuerity yet come, to reueale my selfe, wherein cloud-like, I will breake out in raine, and haile, lightning, and thunder, vpon the head of enormity. Two maine works I haue to prosecute: first, one is to inuent some satisfaction for the poore, kinde wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him comming, I will walke aside, and project for it.

WIN. I wonder where *Tom Quarlaus* is, that hee returnes not, it may be he is struke in here to seeke vs.

GRA. See, heere's our mad-man againe.

QVA. I haue made my selfe as like him, as his gowne, and cap will giue me leaue.

PVR. Sir, I loue you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

WIN-W. How! my widdow in loue with a mad-man?

PVR. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit, as you.

QVA. By whose warrant? leaue your canting. Gentlewoman, haue I found you? (sauie yee, quit yee, and multiply yee) where's your booke? 'twas a sufficient name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

GRA. What would you with it, Sir?

QVA. Marke it againe, and againe, at your seruice.

GRA. Heere it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

QVA. *Palemon*? fare you well, fare you well.

WIN-W. How, *Palemon*!

GRA. Yes faith, hee has discouer'd it to you, now, and therefore 'twere vaine to disguise it longer, I am yours, Sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

WIN-W. And you haue him Mistresse, beleeue it, that shall neuer giue you cause to repent her benefit, but make you rather to thinke that in this choyce, she had both her eyes.

GRA. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.

QVA. *Palemon*, the word, and *Win-wife* the man?

PVR.

*Quarlaus
in the habit
of the mad-
man is now
taken by Mr.
Purc-craft.*

*He desires to
see the booke
of Mistresse
Grace.*

PVR. Good Sir, vouchsafe a yoakefellow in your madnesse, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you, in truth.

QVA. Away, you are a heard of hypocriticall proud Ignorants, rather wilde, then mad. Fitter for woods, and the society of beasts then houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of *Canters*, Outlawes to order and *Discipline*, and the onely priuiledg'd *Church-robbers* of *Christendome*. Let me alone. *Palemon*, the word, and *Winnifte* the man?

PVR. I must vncouer my selfe vnto him, or I shall neuer enjoy him, for all the *cunning mens* promises. Good Sir, heare mee, I am worth sixe thousand pound, my loue to you, is become my rackinge, I'll tell you all, and the truth: since you hate the hyporisse of the party-coloured brother-hood. These feuen yeeres, I haue beeene a wilfull holy widdow, onely to draw feasts, and gifts from my intangled suitors: I am also by office, an assisting *sister* of the *Deacons*, and a deuourer, in stead of a distributor of the alms. I am a speciall maker of marriages for our decayed *Brethren*, with our rich *widowes*; for a third part of their wealth, when they are marryed, for the relief of the poore *elect*: as also our poore handsome yong Virgins, with our wealthy Batchelors, or *Widdowers*; to make them steale from their husbands, when I haue confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I ha' not my bargaine, they may sooner turne a scolding drab, in to a silent *Minister*, then make me leaue pronouncing *reprobation*, and *damnation* vnto them. Our elder, *Zeale-of-the-land*, would haue had me, but I know him to be the capitall Knaue of the land, making himselfe rich, by being made *Feoffee* in trust to deceased *Brethren*, and coozning their *heyres*, by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus hauing eas'd my conscience, and vtter'd my heart, with the tongue of my loue: enjoy all my deceits together. I beseech you. I should not have reuealed this to you, but that in time I thinke you are mad, and I hope you'll thinke mee so too, Sir?

QVA. Stand aside, I'll answer you, presently. Why should not I marry this sixe thousand pound, now I thinke on't? and a good trade too, that shee has beside, ha? The tother wench, *Winnifte*, is sure of; there's no expectation for me there! here I may make my selfe some sauer, yet, if shee continue mad, there's the question. It is money that I want, why should I not marry the money, when 'tis offer'd mee? I haue a *License* and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolu'd! I were truly mad, an' I would not! well, come your wayes, follow mee, an' you will be mad, I'll shew you a warrant!

PVR. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

Ivs. Sir, let mee speake with you.

He consider
with him-
selfe of it.

He takes her
along with
them.
The Justice
calls him.

QVA.

QVA. By whose warrant?

Ivs. The warrant that you tender, and respect so; *Justice Ouerdoo's*! I am the man, friend *Trouble-all*, though thus disguis'd (as the carefull *Magistrate* ought) for the good of the Republique, in the *Fayre*, and the weeding out of enormity. Doe you want a house or meat, or drinke, or cloathes? speake whatsoeuer it is, it shall be supplyed you, what want you?

QVA. Nothing but your *warrant*.

Ivs. My *warrant*? for what?

QVA. To be gone, Sir.

Ivs. Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and haue not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee; thinke what may doe thee good.

QVA. Your hand and seale, will doe me a great deale of good; nothing else in the whole *Fayre*, that I know.

Ivs. If it were to any end, thou should'st haue it willingly.

QVA. Why, it will satisfie me, that's end enough, to looke on; an' you will not gi' it mee, let me goe.

Ivs. Alas! thou shalt ha' it presently: I'll but step into the *Scriueners*, hereby, and bring it. Doe not go away.

QVA. Why, this mad mans shape, will proue a very fortunate one, I thinke! can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise *Justice*, and he bring mee his hand, I shall goe neere to make some vse on't. Hee is come already!.

Ivs. Looke thee! heere is my hand and seale, *Adam Ouerdoo*, if there be any thing to be written, aboue in the paper, that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter; thinke on't; it is my deed, I deliuier it so, can your friend write?

QVA. Her hand for a *witnesse*, and all is well.

Ivs. With all my heart.

QVA. Why should not I ha' the conscience, to make this a bond of a thousand pound? now, or what I would else?

Ivs. Looke you, there it is; and I deliuier it as my deede a-gaine.

QVA. Let vs now proceed in madnesse.

Ivs. Well, my conscience is much eas'd; I ha' done my part, though it doth him no good, yet *Adam* hath offer'd satisfaction! The sting is remoued from hence: poore man, he is much alter'd with his affliction, it has brought him low! Now, for my other worke, reducing the young man (I haue follow'd so long in loue) from the brinke of his bane, to the center of safety. Here, or in some such like vaine place, I shall be sure to finde him. I will waite the good time.

The Justice goes out.

and returns.

*Hee urgith
Mistresse
Purecraft.*

*He takes her
in with him.*

ACT.

ACT. V. SCENE. III.

COKEs. SHAKRVVEL. IVSTICE. FIL-
CHER. JOHN. LANTERNE.

How now? what's here to doe? friend, art thou the *Master of the Monuments*?

SHA. 'Tis a *Motion*, an't please your worship.

Ivs. My phantastical brother in Law, Master *Bartholmew Cokes!*

Cox. A *Motion*, what's that? The ancient moderne history of *Her*, and *Leander*, otherwise called *The Touchstone of true Loue*, with as true a tryall of friendship, betweene *Damon*, and *Pithias*, two faithfull friends o'the Bankside? pretty if faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an *Engelnde*? or what is't?

FIL. Yes Sir, please you comenere, wee'll take your money within.

COK. Backe with these children; they doe so follow mee vp and downe.

JOH. By your leave, friende to the *Monuments* and *Monuments*.

FIL. You must pay, Sir, an'd you goe in gracie an't I.

JOH. Who, I f. I perceiue thou know'st not mee? call the *Master o'the Motion*.

SHA. What, doe you not know the *Author*, fellow *Filchet*? you must take no money of him; he must come in *gratis*; Mr. *Littlewit* is a voluntary; be it the *Author*.

JOH. Peace, speake not too lowd, I would not haue any notice taken, that I am the *Author*, till wee see how it passes.

COK. Master *Littlewit*, how do'st thou *Author*?

JOH. Master *Cokes*! you are exceeding well meet! what, in your doublet, and hose, without a cloake, ha' you boght on?

COK. I would I might never stirre, as I am an honest man; and by that fire, I haue lost all i'the *Fayre*, and all my acquaintance too; did'st thou meet any body that I know, Master *Littlewit*? my man *Numps*, or my sister *Querdoe*, or Mistresse *Gracie*? pray thee Master *Littlewit*, lend mee some mooney to see the *Author*, herte. I'll pay thee againe, as I am a Gentleman. If thou shouldest carry mee home, I haue money enough there.

JOH. O, Sir, you shall command it, wher, will a drowning serue you? toist not i'st *Author*?

L

COK.

Here is the
Bill.

The boyes
o'the Fayre
follow him.

COK. I think it well, what do we pay for comming in, fellowes ?
HIL. Two pence, Sir.

COK. Two pence ? there's twelue pence, friend ; Nay, I am a Gallant, as simple as I looke now ; if you see mee with my man about me, and my Artillery, againe.

IOH. Your man was i'the Stocks, ee'n now, Sir.

COK. Who, Namps ?

IOH. Yes faith.

COK. For what i' faith, I am glad o' that ; remember to tell me on't anone, I have enough, now ! What manner of matter is this, Mr. Littlewit ? What kind of *Actors* ha' you ? Are they good *Actors* ?

IOH. Pretty youthes, Sir, all children both old and yong, heer's the Master of 'hem—

(LAN. Call me not *Leatherhead*, but *Lanterne*.)

IOH. Master *Lanterne*, that giues light to the busynesse,

COK. In good time, Sir, I would faine see 'hem, I would be glad drinke with the young company ; which is the Tiring-house ?

LAN. Troth, Sir, our Tiring-house is somewhat little, we are but beginners, yet, pray pardon vs ; you cannot goe vpright in't.

COK. No ? not now my hat is off ? what would you haue done with me, if you had had me, feather, and all, as I was once to day ? Ha' you none of your pretty impudent boyes, now, to bring stooles, fill Tabacco, fetch Ale, and beg money, as they haue at other houses ? let vs see some o'your *Actors*.

ION. Shew him 'hem, shew him 'hem. Master *Lanterne*, this is a Gentleman, that is a fauorer of the quality.

Ivs. I, the fauouring of this licencious quality, is the consumption of many a young Gentleman ; a pernicious enormity.

COK. What, doe they liue in baskets ?

LEA. They doe lye in a basket, Sir, they are o'the small *Players*.

COK. These be *Players minors*, indeed. Doe you call these *Players* ?

LAN. They are *Actors*, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb showes : indeed, I am the mouth of 'hem all !

COK. Thy mouth will hold 'hem all. I think, one *Taylor*, would goe neare to beat all this company, with a hand bound behinde him.

IOH. I, and este 'hem all, too, an' they were in cake-bread.

COK. I thank you for that, Master Littlewit, a good jest ! which is your *Burbage* now ?

LAN. What meane you by that, Sir ?

COK. Your best *Actor*. Your *Field* ?

IOH. Good ifaith ! you are even with me, Sir.

LAN. This is he, that acts young *Lander*, Sir. He is extreamly belou'd of the womenkind, they doe so affect his action, the green

Leather-
head wif-
pers so Little-
wit.

He brings
stewments in
a basket.

green gamesters, that come here, and this is louely *Hero*; this with the beard, *Damon*; and this pretty *Pythias*: this is the ghost of King *Dionysius* in the habit of a scriuener: as you shall see anone, at large.

COK. Well they are a ciuill company, I like 'hem for that; they offer not to fleere, nor geere, nor breake iests, as the great *Players* doe: And then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of 'hem, or making 'hem drunke, as to the other, by reason of their littlenesse. Doe they vse to play perfect? Are they neuer fluster'd?

LAN. No, Sir, I thanke my industry, and policy for it; they are as well gouern'd a company, though I say it—— And here is young *Leander*, is as proper an *Actor* of his inches; and shakes his head like an hostler.

COK. But doe you play it according to the printed booke? I haue read that.

LAN. By no meanes, Sir.

COK. No? How then?

LAN. A better way, Sir, that is too learned, and poeticall for our audience; what doe they know what *Hellefpong* is? Guilty of true loues blood? or what *Abidos* is? or the other *Sestos* height?

COK. Th'art i'the right, I doe not know my selfe.

LAN. No, I haue entreated Master *Littlewit*, to take a little paines to reduce it to a more familiar straine for our people.

COK. How, I pray thee, good Mr *Littlewit*.

IOH. It pleases him to make a matter of it, Sir. But there is no such matter I assure you: I haue onely made it a little easie, and moderne for the times, Sir, that's all; As, for the *Hellefpong* I imagine our *Thames* here; and then *Leander*, I make a Diers sonne, about *Puddle-wharfe*: and *Hero* a wench o' the *Banke-side*, who going ouer one morning, to old fish-street; *Leander* spies her land at *Trigstayres*, and falleth in loue with her: Now do I introduce *Cupid*, hauing *Metamorphos* d'himselfe into a *Drawer*, and he striketh *Hero* in loue with a pint of *Sherry*, and other pretty passages there are, o' the friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of Iudgement.

COK. I'll be sworne they shall; I am in loue with the *Actors* already, and I'le be allied to them presently. (They respect gentlemen, these fellowes) *Hero* shall be my fayring: But, which of my fayrin's? (Le' me see) i' faith, my fiddle! and *Leander* my fiddle-sticke: Then *Damon*, my *Dram*; and *Pythias*, my *Pipe* and the ghost of *Dionysius*, my *hobby-horse*. All fitted.

+ an addition to *Ed. in my pocket*

ACT. V. SCENE. IV.

To them WIN-WIFE. GRACE. KNOCKHVM.
WHITT. EDGVVORTH. VVIN. Mistris
OVERDOO. And to them VVASPE.

Looke yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his play-fellowes ;
I thought we could not misse him, at such a Spectacle.

G RA. Let him alone, he is so busie, he will neuer spie vs.

LEA. Nay, good Sir.

COK. I warrant thee, I will not hurt her, fellow; what doſt think
me vnciuill ? I pray thee be not icalous : I am toward a wife.

IOH. Well good Master *Lanterne*, make ready to begin, that I
may fetch my wife, and looke you be perfect, you vndoe me else,
i'my reputation.

LAN. I warrant you Sir, doe not you breed too great an expe-
ctation of it, among your friends : that's the onely hurter of these
things.

IOH. No, no, no.

COK. I'll stay here, and ſee ; pray thee let me ſee.

WIN-VV. How diligent and troubleſome he is !

G RA. The place becomes him, me thinkes.

Ivs. My ward, Miftriffe *Grace* in the company of a ſtranger ? I
doubt I ſhall be compell'd to diſcouer my ſelfe, before my time !

FIL. Two pence a piece Gentlemen, an excellent Motion.

KNO. Shall we haue fine fire-works, and good vapours !

SHA. Yes Captaine, and water-works, too.

WHI. I pree dee, take a care o'dy ſhmall Lady, there, *Edgworth* ;
I will looke to diſh tall Lady my ſelfe.

LAN. Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

WHI. Predee, Maſhter o'de *Monſterſh*, helpe a very ſicke Lady,
here, to a chayre, to ſhit in.

LAN. Preſently, Sir.

WHI. Good fait now, *Vrſla's Ale*, and *Aqua-vitæ* iſh to blame
for't ; ſhit downe ſhweet heart, ſhit downe, and ſleep a little.

EDG. Madame, you are very welcom hither.

KNO. Yes, and you ſhall ſee very good vapours.

Ivs. Here is my care come ! I like to ſee him in ſo good com-
pany ; and yet I wonder that persons of ſuch fashion, ſhould re-
ſort hither !

Cokes is
banding the
Puppets.

The doore-
keepers
ſpeak.

They bring
Miftris O-
uerdoo &
chayre.

By Edge-
worth.

EDG.

EDG. This is a very priuate house, *Madame*.

LAN. Will it please your Ladiship sit, *Madame*?

WIN. Yes good-man. They doe so all to be *Madame* mee, I thinke they thinke me a very Lady!

EDG. What else *Madame*?

WIN. Must I put off my masque to him?

EDG. O, by no means.

WIN. How shold my husband know mee, then?

KNO. Husband? an idle vapour; he must not know you, nor you him; there's the true vapour.

Ivs. Yea, I will obserue more of this: is this a *Lady*, friend?

WHI. I, and dat is anoder *Lady*, shweet heart; if dou haſt a minde to 'hem give me twelue pence from tee, and dou shalt haue eder-oder on 'hem!

Ivs. I? This will prooue my chiefest enormity: I will follow this.

EDG. Is not this a finer life, *Lady*, then to be clogg'd with a husband?

WIN. Yes, a great deale. When will they beginne, trow? in the name o' the *Motion*?

EDG. By and by *Madame*, they stay but for company.

KNO. Doe you heare, *Puppet-Master*, these are tedious vapours; when begin you?

LAN. We stay but for Master *Littlewit*, the *Author*, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

WIN. That's I, that's I.

EDG. That was you, *Lady*; but now you are no such poore thing.

KNO. Hang the *Authors* wife, a running vapour! here be *Ladies*, will stay for nere a *Delia* o'hem all.

WHI. But heare mee now, heere ish one o'de *Ladish*, a shleep, stay till shhee but vake man.

WAS. How now friends? what's heere to doe?

FIL. Two pence a piece, Sir, the best *Motion*, in the *Fayre*.

WAS. I beleue you lye; if you doe, I'll haue my money againe, and beat you.

WIN. *Numps* is come!

WAS. Did you see a Master of mine, come in here, a tall yong Squire of *Harrow* o'the *Hill*; Master *Bartholmevv Cokes*?

FIL. I thinke there be such a one, within.

WAS. Looke hee be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' beene at the *Eagle*, and the blacke *Wolfe*, and the *Bull* with the fие legges, and two pizzles; (hee was a *Calfe* at *Vxbridge Fayre*, two yeeres agone) And at the *dogges* that daunce the *Morrice*, and the *Hare* o' the *Taber*; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight, that holds him so, if it haue him.

The Cut-
purse courts
Mistresse
Littlewit.

The doore-
keepers a-
gaine.

COK. Come, come, are you readie now?

LAN. Presently, Sir.

WAS. Hoyday, hee's at worke in his Dublet, and hose; doe you heare, Sir? are you employ'd? that you are bare-headed, and so busie?

COK. Hold your peace, *Numpes*; you ha' beehe i'the stocks, I heare.

WAS. Do's he know that? nay, then the date of my *Authority* is out; I must thinke no longer to raigne, my gouernment is at an end. He that will correct another, must want fault himselfe.

WIN-W. Sententious *Numpes*! I never heard so much from him, before.

LAN. Sure, Master *Littlewit* will not come; please you take your place, Sir, wee'll beginne.

COK. I pray thee doe, mine cares long to be at it; and my eyes too. O *Numpes*, i'the stocks, *Numpes*? where's your sword, *Numpes*?

WAS. I pray intend your game, Sir, let mee alone.

COK. Well, then we are quit for all. Come, sit downe, *Numpes*; I'le interpret to thee: did you see Mistresse *Grace*? it's no matter, neirher, now, I thinke on't, tell me anon.

WIN-VV. A great deale of loue, and care hee exprestes.

GRA. Alas! would you haue him exprest more then hee has? that were tyranny.

COK. Peace, ho; now, now.

LAN. Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,
Behold our chiefe *Astor*, amorous Leander.

With a great deale of cloth lap'd about him like a Scarfe,
For he yet serues his father, a Dyer at Puddle wharfe,
VVhich place we'll make bold with, to call our Abidus,
As the Banke-side is our Sestos, and let it not be deny'd vs.
Now, as hee is beating, to make the Dye take the fuller,
Who chances to come by, but faire Hero, in a Sculler;
And seeing Leanders naked legge, and goodly calfe,
Cast at him, from the boate, a Sheepe's eye, and a halfe.
Now she is landed, and the Sculler come backe;
By and by, you shall see what Leander doth lacke.

PVP. L. Cole, Cole, old Cole.

LAN. That's the Scullers name without controle.

PVP. L. Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.

LAN. Wee doe heare you.

PVP. L. Old Cole.

LAN. Old Cole? is the Dyer turn'd Collier? how doe you sell?

PVP. L. A pox o' you manners, kisse my hole here and smell.

LAN. Kisse your hole and smell? there's manners indeed.

PVP. L. VVhy, Cole, I say Cole.

LAN. It's the Sculler you need!

PVP. L. I, and be hang'd.

LAN. Be hang'd; looke you yonder,
Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.

PVP. C. Where is he?

PVP. L. Here, Cole, what sayest of Fayers,
was that fare th' he landed, but now a Trigsstayres?

COK. What was that, fellow? Pray thee tell me, I scarce understand 'hem.

LAN. Leander do's ask, Sir, what sayest of Fayers,
Was the fare th' he landed, but now, at Trigsstayres?

PVP. C. It is lonely Hero.

PVP. L. Nero?

PVP. C. No, Hero.

LAN. It is Hero.

Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth with an erring,
Is come ouer into Fish-street to eat some fresh berring.

Leander sayes no more, but as fast as he can,
Gets on all his best cloathes; and will after to the Swan.

COK. Molt admirable good, is't not?

LAN. Stay, Sculler.

PVP. C. What say you?

LAN. You must stay for Leander,
and carry him to the wench.

PVP. C. You Rogue, I am no Pandar.

COK. He sayes he is no Pandar. 'Tis a fine language; I understand it, now.

LAN. Are you no Pandar, Goodman Cole? he's his wench sayes you are,
You'll grow a bot Cole, it seemes, pray you stay for your fare.

PVP. C. Will hee come away?

LAN. What doe you say?

PVP. C. I' deba' him come away.

LAN. W'ould you ha' Leander come away? why 'pray' Sir, say.
You are angry, Goodman Cole; I beleue the faire Mayde
Come ouer w' you a trust: tell vs Sculler, are you paid?

PVP. C. Yes Goodman Hogrubber, o' Picks-batch.

LAN. How, Hogrubber, o' Picks-batch?

PVP. C. I Hogrubber, o' Picks-batch. Take you that.

LAN. O, my head!

PVP. C. Harme watch, harme catch.

COK. Harme watch, harme catch, he sayes: very good it faith,
the Sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, sirrah.

LAN. Yes, but that his fare call'd him away.

PVP. L. Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row, row.

LAN. You are knauisly, loaden, Sculler, take heed where you goe.

PVP. C. Knaue i' your face, Goodman Rogen.

PVP. L. Row, row, row, row, row, row.

COK. He said knaue i' your face, friend.

The Puppet
strikes him
over the pane

LAN. I Sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to these water-men, they will ha' the last word.

COK. God's my life! I am not allied to the Sculler, yet; hee shall be *Dauphin* my boy. But my Fiddle-Sticke do's fiddle in and out too much; I pray thee speake to him, on't: tell him, I would haue him tarry in my sight, more.

LAN. I Pray you be content; you'll haue enough on him, Sir. Now gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid, but that you haue heard of a little god of loue, call'd Cupid. *V*he out of kindness to Leander, bearing he but (aw her, this present day and houre, doth turne himselfe to a Drawer. And because he would haue their first meeting to be merry, he strikes Hero in loue to him, with a pint of Sherry. *V*which he tells her, from amorous Leander is sent her, who after him, into the roome of Hero, doth wenter.

PVP. Io: A pint of sacke, score a pint of sacke, i' the Conney.

COK. Sack! you said but ee'n now it shoulde be Sherry.

PVP. Io: Why so it is; sherry, sherry, sherry.

COK. Sherry, sherry, sherry. By my troth he makes me merry. I musthaue a name for Cupid, too. Let me see, thou nightst helpe me now, an' thou wouldest, Numps, at a dead list, but thou art dreaming o' the stocks, still! Do not thinke on't, I haue forgot it: 'tis but a nine dayes wonder, man; let it not trouble thee.

WAS. I would the stocks were about your necke, Sir; condicione I hung by the heeles in them, till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

COK. Well said resolute Numps: but hearke you friend, where is the friendship, all this while, betweene my Drum, Damon, and my Pipe, Pythias?

LAN. You shall see by and by, Sir?

COK. You thinke my Hobby-horse is forgotten, too; no, I'll see hem all enact before I go; I shall not know which to loue best, else

KNO. This Gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours, Whitt, puffe with him.

WHIT. No, I pre dee, Captaine, let him alone. Hee is a Child i' faith, la'.

LAN. Now gentleys to the friends, who in number, are two, and lodg'd in that Ale-house, in which faire Hero do's doe. Damon (for some kindeste done him the last weeke) doth come faire Hero, in Fishgate, this morning to seeke. Pythias do's smell the knavery of the meeting, and now you shall see their true friendly greeting.

PVP. Pi.. Ton whoremasterly Slave, you.

COK. Whore-masterly slave, you're very friendly, & familiar, that.

PVP. Da: Whore-master i' thy face, Thou hast lien with her thy selfe, I'll proue it in this place.

COK. Damon sayes Pythias has lien with her, himselfe, hee'll proue it in this place.

PVP. Leander goes into Misfris Hero's room

LAN. They are Whore-masters both; Sir, that's a plaine case.

PVP. Pi. You lye, like a Rogue.

LAN. Doe I ly, like a Rogue?

PVP. Pi. A Pimpe, and a Scabbe.

LAN. A Pimpe, and a Scabbe?

I say between you, you haue both but one Drabbe.

PVP. Da. You lye againe.

LAN. Doe I lye againe?

PVP. Da. Like a Rogue againe.

LAN. Like a Rogue againe?

PVP. Pi. And you are a Pimpe, againe.

COK. And you are a Pimpe againe, he sayes.

PVP. Da. And a Scabbe, againe.

COK. And a Scabbe againe, he sayes.

LAN. And I say againe, you are both whore-masters againe,
and you haue both but one Drabbe againe.

They fight.

PVP. Da. Pi. Do'st thou, do'st thou, do'st thou?

AN. What, both at once?

PVP. P. Downe with him, Damon

PVP. D. Pinke his gess, Pythias:

LAN. What, so malicious?

will ye murder me, Masters both, i' mine owne houſe?

COK. Ho! well acted my Drum, well acted my Pipe, well acted
still.

WAS. Well acted, with all my heart.

LAN. Hold, hold your hands

COK. I, both your hands, for my sake! for you ha' both done well.

PVP. D. Gramercy Pythias.

PVP. P. Gramercy, Deare Damon.

COK. Gramercy to you both, my Pipe, and my drum.

PVP. P. D. Come now we'll together to breakfast to Hero.

LAN. 'Tis well, you can now go to breakfast to Hero,
you haue giuen many breakfast, with a hōne and honco.

COK. How is't friend, ha' they hurt thee?

LAN. O no!

Betwene you and I Sir, we doe but make shew.

Thus Gentles you perceiue, without any deniall,

'twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendships true tryall.

Though hourly they quarrell thus, and roar each with other,

they fight you no more, then do's brother with brother.

But friendly together, at the next man they meet,
they let fly their anger as here you might see't.

COK. Well, we haue seen't, and thou hast felt it, whatsoeuer
thou sayest, what's next? what's next?

LEA. This while young Leander, with faire Hero is drinking,

and Hero growne drunke, to any mans thinking!

Yet was it not three pints of sherry could flaw her.

till Cupid distinguish'd like Jonas the Drawer,
From under his apron, where his lechery turkes,
put loue in her Sacke. Now marke how it workes:

PVP. H. O Leander Leander, my deare my deare Leander,
I'le for euer be thy goose, so thou'l be my gander.

COK. Excellently well said, Fiddle, shee'll euer be his goose, so
hee'll be her gander: was't not so?

LAN. Yes, Sir, but marke his answer, now:

PVP. L. And sweetest of geese, before I goe to bed,
I'll swimme o're the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.

COK. Braue! he will swimme o're the Thames, and tread his
goose, too night, he sayes.

LAN. I, peace, Sir, the'll be angry, if they heare you caues drop-
ping, now they are setting their match.

PVP. L. But lefft the Thames should be dark, my goose, my deare friend,
let thy window be prouided of a candles end.

PVP. H. Feare not my gander, I protest, I should handle
my matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.

PVP. L. Well then, looke to't, and kisse me to boose.

LAN. Now, heere come the friends againe, Pythias, and Damon,
and under their clokes, they haue of Bacon, a gammon.

PVP. P. Drawer, fill some wine heere.

LAN. How, some wine there?
there's company already, Sir, pray forbear!

PVP. D. 'Tis Hero.

LAN. Yes, but shee will not be taken,
after sacke, and fresh herring, with your Dumnow-bacon.

PVP. P. You lye, it's Westfabian.

LAN. Westphalian you should say.

PVP. D. If you hold not your peace, you are a Coxcombe, I would say.

PVP. What's here? what's here? kisse, kisse, upon kisse.

LAN. I, Wherfore should they not? what harme is in this?
'tis Mistresse Hero.

PVP. D. Mistresse Hero's a whore.

LAN. Is shee a whore? keepe you quiet, or Sir Knaue out of dore.

PVP. D. Knaue out of doore?

PVP. H. Yes, Knaue, out of doore.

PVP. D. Whore out of doore.

PVP. H. I say, Knaue, out of doore.

PVP. D. I say, whore, out of doore.

PVP. P. Tea, so say I too.

PVP. H. Kisse the whore o' the arse.

LAN. Now you ha' something to doe:

you must kisse her o' the arse shee sayes:

PVP. D. P. So we will, so we will.

PVP. H. O my banches, O my banches, bold, bold.

LAN. Stand'ſt thou still?

Damon and
Pythias en-
ter.

Leander
and Hero
are kissing.

Heeres the
Puppets
quarrell and
fall together
by the cares.

Leander

Leander, where art thou? stand'st thou still like a sot,
and not offer'st to breake both their heads with a pot?
See who's at thine elbow, there! Puppet Ionas and Cupid.

PVP. I. Upon hem Leander, be not so stupid.

They fight.

PVP. L. You Goat-bearded slave!

PVP. D. You whore-master Knaue.

PVP. L. Thou art a whore-master:

PVP. I. Whore-masters all.

LAN. See, Cupid with a word has tane up the brawle.

KNO. These be fine vapours!

COK. By this good day they fight brauely! doe they not,
Numps?

WAS. Yes, they lack'd but you to be their second, all this
while.

LAN. This tragical encounter, falling out thus to basse vs,
It raises vp the ghost of their friend Dionysius:
Not like a Monarch, but the Master of a Schoole,
in a Scriueners furr'd gowne, which shewes he is no foole.
for therein he hath wit enough to keepe himselfe warme.
O Damon he cries, and Pythias; what harme,
Hath poore Dionysius done you in his graue,
That after his death, you should fall out thus, and rauue,
Ani call amorous Leander whore-master Knaue?

PVP. D. I cannot, I will not, I promise you endure it.

ACT. V. SCENE. V.

To them BY VS.

BYVS. Downe with Dagon, downe with Dagon; 'tis I, will no
longer endure your prophanations.

LAN. What meane you, Sir?

BYVS. I wil remoue Dagon there, I say, that Idoll, that heathenish
Idoll, that remaines (as I may say) a beame, a very beame, not a
beame of the Sunne, nor a beame of the Moone, nor a beame of a bal-
lance, neither a house-beame, nor a Weauers beame, but a beame
in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beame, an ex-
ceeding great beame; such as are your Stage-players, Rimers, and
Morrise-dancers, who haue walked hand in hand, in contempt of
the Brethren, and the Cause; and beene borne out by instruments,
of no meane countenance.

LAN. Sir, I present nothing, but what is licens'd by authority.

BYVS. Thou art all license, euen licentiousnesse it selfe, Sbime!

LAN. I haue the Master of the Rewell's haud for't, Sir.

Bvs. The Master of *Rebells* hand, thou hast ; *Satan's* ! hold thy peace, thy scurrility shut vp thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it, thou dost plead for *Baal*. I haue long opened my mouth wide, and gaped, I haue gaped as the oyster for the tide after thy destruction : but cannot compasse it by sute, or dispute; so that I looke for a bickering, ere long, and then a battell.

KNO. Good *Banbury-vapours*.

COK. Friend, you'd haue an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no man o' the fist, hee has friends that will goe to cuffes for him, *Numps*, will not you take our side ?

EDG. Sir, it shall not need, in my minde, he ofters him a fairer course, to end it by disputation ! hast thou nothing to say for thy selfe, in defence of thy quality ?

LAN. Faith, Sir, I am not well studied in these controuersies, betweene the hypocrites and vs. But here's one of my *Motion*, *Puppet Dionisius* shall vndertake him, and I'le venture the cause on't.

COK. Who ? my Hobby-horse? will he dispute with him ?

LAN. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-Asse of him, I hope.

COK. That's excellent ! indeed he lookes like the best scholler of hem all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your word, now.

Bvs. I will not feare to make my spirit, and gifts knowne ! assist me zeale, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full.

WIN-W. What a desperate, prophane wretch is this ! is there any Ignorance, or impudence like his ? to call his zeale to fill him against a *Puppet* ?

QVA. I know no fitter match, then a *Puppet* to commit with an Hypocrite !

Bvs. First, I say vnto thee, *Idoll*, thou hast no *Calling*.

PVP. D. *You lie, I am call'd Dionisius*.

LAN. The *Motion* sayes you lie, he is call'd *Dionisius* in the matter, and to that *calling* he answers.

Bvs. I meane no vocation, *Idoll*, no present lawfull *Calling*.

PVP. D. *Is yours a lawfull Calling ?*

LAN. The *Motion* asketh, if yours be a lawfull *Calling* ?

Bvs. Yes, mine is of the Spirit.

PVP. D. *Then Idoll is a lawfull Calling*.

LAN. He saies, then *Idoll* is a lawfull *Calling* ! for you call'd him *Idoll*, and your *Calling* is of the spirit.

COK. Well disputed, Hobby-horse !

Bvs. Take not part with the wicked young Gallant. He neygheth and hinneyereth, all is but hinnyng Sophistry. I call him *Idoll* againe. Yet, I say, his *Calling*, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, *Idoll*.

PVP. D. *It is not prophane !*

LAN. It is not prophane, he sayes.

Bvs. It is prophane.

PVP. *It is not prophane.*

Bvs.

Bvs. It is prophane.

Pvp. It is not prophane.

LAN. Well said, confute him with *not*, still. You cannot beare him downe with your base noyse, Sir.

Bvs. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he creake like the chariot wheeles of *Satan*; I am zealous for the *Cause*—

LAN. As a dog for a bone.

Bvs. And I say, it is prophane, as being the Page of *Pride*, and the waiting woman of *vanity*.

Pvp. D. *Tea?* what say you to your *Tire-women*, then?

LAN. Good.

Pvp. Or feather-makers i' the *Fryers*, that are o' your faction of *faith*? Are not they with their *perrukes*, and their *puffes*, their *fandes*, and their *buffes*, as much Pages of *Pride*, and waiters upon *vanity*? what say you? what say you? what say you?

Bvs. I will not answer for them.

Pvp. Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a Bugle-maker a lawfull Calling? or the Confect-makers? such you have there: or your French *Fashioner*? you'd have all the sinne within your selues, would you not? would you not?

Bvs. No, Dagon.

Pvp. What then, Dagonet? is a *Puppet* worse then these?

Bvs. Yes, and my maine argument against you, is, that you are an *abomination*: for the Male, among you, putteth on the apparel of the Female, and the Female of the Male.

Pvp. You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.

COK. Good, by my troth, he has giuen him the lye thrice.

Pvp. It is your old stale argument against the *Players*, but it will not hold against the *Puppets*; for we haue neyther Male nor Female amongst vs. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblinde zeale as thou art!

EDG. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, friend; by playne demonstration.

Pvp. Nay, I le prove, against ere a *Rabbin* of hem all, that my standing is as lawfull as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I haue as little to doe with learning as he; and doe scorne her helps as much as he.

Bvs. I am confuted, the *Cause* hath failed me.

Pvs. Then be conuerted, be conuerted.

LAN. Be conuerted, I pray you, and let the *Play* goe on!

Bvs. Let it goe on. For I am changed, and will become a beholder with you!

COK. That's braue i' faith, thou hast carryed it away, Hobby-horse, on with the *Play*!

Ivs. Stay, now do I forbid, I *Adam Ouerdoo!* sit still, I charge you.

COK. What, my Brother i' law!

GRA. My wise *Guardian*!

EDG. *Injustice Ouerdoo!*

The *Puppet*
takes up his
garment.

The *Injustice*
discovers
himself.

Ivs. It is time, to take Enormity by the fore head, and brand it; for, I haue discouer'd enough.

ACT. V. SCENE. VI.

To them, QVARLOVS. (like the Mad-man) PVRE-CRAFT. (a while after) JOHN. to them TROV-BLE-ALL. VRSLA. NIGHTIGALE.

QVAR. Nay, come Mistresse Bride. You must doe as I doe, now. You must be mad with mee, in truth. I haue heere Justice ouerdoe for it.

Ivs. Peace good Trouble-all; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too, you also, young man shall be my care, stand there.

EDG. Now, mercy vpon mee.

KNO. Would we were away, Whit, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds, for feare o'the Cage.

Ivs. Stay, is not my naſme your terror?

WHI. Yefh faith man, and it iſh fot tat, we would be gone man.

JOH. O Gentlemen! did you not ſee a wife of mine? I ha' lost my little wife, as I ſhall be trusted: my little pretty *win*, I left her at the great woman's house in truſt yonder, the Pig-woman, with Captaine *Jordan*, and Captaine *Whit*, very good men, and I cannot heare of her. Poore foole, I ſcarce ſhee's ſtepp'd aſide. Mother; did you not ſee *Win*?

Ivs. If this graue Matron be your mother, Sir, ſtand by her, *Et digito compefce labellum*, I may perhaps ſpring a wife for you, anone. Brother Bartholmew, I am ſadly ſorry, to ſee you ſo lightly giuen, and ſuch a *Disciple* of enormity: with your graue Gouernour *Humphrey*: but ſtand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your course. Mistresse *Grace*, let me rescue you out of the hands of the ſtranger.

WIN-W. Pardon me, Sir, I am a kinſman of hers.

Ivs. Are you ſo? of what naſme, Sir?

WIN-W. *Winwife*, Sir:

Ivs. Master *Winwife*? I hope you haue won no wife of her, Sir. If you haue, I will examine the poſſibility of it, at fit leaſure. Now, to my enormities: looke vpon mee, O *London*! and ſee mee, O *Smithfield*; The example of *Inſtice*, and *Mirror of Magistrates*: the true top of formality, and ſcourge of enormity. Harken vnto my labours,

To the Cut-purse, and
Mistresse
Litwit.

The reſt are
ſtealing a-
way.

labours, and but obserue my discoveries; and compare Hercules with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or Columbus; Magellan; or our countrey man Drake of later times: stand forth you weedes of enormity, and spread. First, *Rabbi Busy*, thou superlunaticall hypocrite, next, thou other extremity, thou prophane professor of *Puppetry*, little better then *Poetry*: then thou strong Debaucher, and Seducer of youth; witnesse this easie and honest young man: now thou Esquire of Dames, *Madams*, and twelue-penny *Ladies*: now my greene *Madame* her selfe, of the price. Let mee vnmasque your *Ladiship*.

To *Busy*,
To *Lantern*,
To the bor'c
courser, and
Cuppurse.
Then *Cap*.
Whit, and
Mistresse
Littlewit.

IOH. O my wife, my wife, my wife!

IVS. Is she your wife? *Redde te Harpocratem!*

TRO. By your leaue, stand by my Masters, be vncouer'd.

VRS. O stay him, stay him, helpe to cry, *Nightingale*; my pan, my panne.

IVS. What's the matter?

NIG. Hee has stolne gammar *Vrsla*'s panne.

TRO. Yes, and I feare no man but *Injustice Ouerdoo*.

IVS. *Vrsla*? where is she? O the Sow of enormity, this! welcome, stand you there, you Songster, there!

VRS. An' please your worship, I am in no fault: A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his gown, and his hat; and hee ranne away with my goods, here, for it.

IVS. Then this is the true mad-man, and you are the enormity!

QVA. You are i'the right, I am mad, but from the gowne outward.

IVS. Stand you there.

QVA. Where you please, Sir.

OVER. O lend me a bason, I am sicke, I am sicke; where's M^r. *Ouerdoo*? Bridget, call hither my *Adam*.

IVS. How?

WHI. Dy very owne wife, i'fait, worshipfull *Adam*.

OVER. Will not my *Adam* come at mee? shall I see him no more then?

QVA. Sir, why doe you not goe on with the enormity? are you opprest with it? I'le helpe you: harke you Sir, i'your eare, your *Innocent young man*, you haue tane such care of, all this day, is a *Cuppurse*; that hath got all your brother *Cakes* his things, and help'd you to your beating, and the stocks; if you haue a minde to hang him now, and shew him your *Magistrates* wit, you may: but I should think it were better, recovering the goods, and to saue your estimation in him. I thank you S^r. for the gift of your *Ward*, M^r. *Grace*: look you, here is your hand & seale, by the way. M^r. *win* wife giue you ioy, you are *Palemon*, you are possest o'the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And honest mad-man, there's thy gowne, and cap againe; I thanke thee for my wife. Nay, I can be mad, sweet heart, when I please, still; neuer feare me:

Enter Trou-
ble-all.

To *Vrsla*,
and *Night-
ingale*.

To *Quar-
tious*.

Mistresse
Ouerdoo is
sicke: and
her husband
is sicke'd.

To the mid-
dow.

And

Waspe my-
selfe the Li-
cence.

And carefull *Numps*, where's he? I thanke him for my licence.

Was. How!

QvA. 'Tis true, *Numps*.

Was. I'll be hang'd then.

QvA. Loke i'your boxe, *Numps*, nay, Sir, stand not you fixt here, like a stake in *Finsbury* to be shot at, or the whipping post i' the *Fayre*, but get your wife out o' the ayre, it wil make her worse else; and remember you are but *Adam*, *Flesh*, and *blood*! you haue your frailty, forget your other name of *Onerdos*, and inuite vs all to supper. There you and I will compare our *discoveries*; and drowne the memory of all enormity in your bigg'st bowle at home.

COK. How now, *Numps*, ha' you lost it? I warrant, 'twas when thou wert i' the stocks: why dost not speake?

Was. I will never speak while I liue, againe, for ought I know.

Ivs. Nay, *Humphrey*, if I be patient, you must be so too, this pleasant conceited Gentleman hath wrought vpon my iudgement, and preuail'd: I pray you take care of your sicke friend, Mistresse *Alice*, and my good friends all—

QvA. And no enormities.

Ivs. I inuite you home, with mee to my house, to supper: I will haue none feare to go along, for my intents are *Ad correctionem, non ad destructionem; Ad adficandum, non ad diruendum*: so lead on.

COK. Yes, and bring the *Actors* along, wee'll ha'the rest o' the *Play* at home.

The end.

The E P I L O G V E.



Our Maiesty hath scene the Play, and you
can best allow it from your care, and view.
You know the scope of Writers, and what store,
of leaue is given them, if they take not more,
And turne it into licence: you can tell
if we haue vs'd that leaue you gaue vs, well:
Or whether wee to rage, or licence breake,
or be prophane, or make prophane men speake?
This is your power to iudge (great Sir) and not
the envy of a few. Whiche if wee haue got,
Wee value lesse what their dislike can bring,
if it so happy be, s' haue pleas'd the King.

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